National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

FUGITIVE SLAVES AT HARRISBURG.

FURTHER PARTICULARS—JUDGE PEARSON'S OPINION —DISCHARGE OF THE SLAVES.

From the Philadelphia North American.

HARRISBURG, Saturday, August 24.

LARCENY.—*Commonwealth* vs. *Samuel Wilson, Geo. Brooks and Bailey* —These three defendants, negroes, escaped during the month of July from their masters, in Clark Co. Va. near Battletown or Berryville, and on the same night the owners of the negroes missed also three horses, saddles and bridles

Wm. Taylor, the owner of two of the slaves, and Geo. H. Eisler, a resident of Berryville, arrived here some days ago, and made information before Henry Beader, Esq. charging the above named defendants with larceny and as being fugitives from justice. Upon this a warrant was issued, and the men arrested and lodged in jail.

On last Tuesday an application was made to the Court, then in session, to bring these men before them on a writ of *habeas corpus* the next morning, which was granted; and the next day the Court decided to postpone the case until Friday, in order to dispose of the jury trials first.

On last Friday defendants were brought into Court defended by Messrs. Rawn and Judge McKinney, two eminent lawyers at our bar. The owners, Wm. Taylor and Geo. H. Eisler, underwent a long examination, and it was conclusively proven (as the Court admitted) that these men were slaves from the State of Virginia, and that the horses stolen were no doubt used for the purpose of rendering their es ape from bondage more easy and effective.

The whole day of Friday was occupied by this examination and the argument by counsel on both sides. The prosecution was conducted by Messrs. Trunkel, Lamberton and Carson, all well known as the most eminent lawyers in our town; when, on Saturday morning his Honor Judge Pearson delivered the following opinion:

These cases were before the Court on writs of *habeas corpus*, the defendants having been committed on warrants issued by a Justice of the Peace.—It seems that oaths were made, charging them with having stolen certain property. On these oaths warrants were issued, the defendants arrested, brought before the magistrate, and without a hearing, committed to prison. It might be implied, and is admitted, that the offence, if any, was committed in the State of Virginia.

Several objections have been raised to the regularity of the warrants of commitment.

1. That it is not stated where the offence was committed.

2. That the ownership of the property stolen is not sufficiently averred.

The defendan's have also given evidence to show the irregularity of the proceedings, and on what circumstances the charge was founded. The oath was made, and a note of the facts stated on the docket of the Justice, but not signed by the deponent.

We are of opinion that the whole proceedings is very loose and irregular. The warrant of commitment should state whose property was stolen, and where the offence was committed. Had that proceeding been regular, we should not have looked beyond it, except when called on to fix the amount of bail, and possibly to see whether any gross mistake had been committed by the magistrate.

The defendants have called the party making the charge, and also the man whose property was alleged to have been stolen, to show the circumstances under which it was stolen; and from the evidence, it seems that three horses were taken in the State of Virginia, probably by the three prisoners who were proved to be absconding slaves—two of them belonging to Mr. Taylor. They, it is stated, took with them two of their master's horses, with saddles and bridles, rode them about thirty miles, and turned them loose.

The slaves were pursued, and the horses found where they had probably been abandoned. In the case of William, called John Strange, there is no evidence that the horse was stolen, although it is alleged that William rode off a horse belonging to Mr. Littlejohn. We have no proof of Mr. Littlejohn's horse having been stolen at all. From aught that appears, he may have been lent. We must, therefore dismiss William without further investigation, as there is no ground whatever for committing him. Several questions have been raised by the defendant's counsel.

First: That the proceeding could only be sustained under the act of Congress—therefore the warrant was illegally issued on an oath made in Pennsylvania. We have no doubt that the warrant was improperly issued, as the oath should have stated that the crime was committed in Virginia, and that the defendants had fled from justice. But we do not agree to the position assumed that the oath must be made under the act of Congress. When so made and properly certified, or when the indictment is found in another State, and properly authenticated, we consider it conclusive, and we have no right to inquire beyond it. But when fugitives are pursued into Pennsylvania, we consider it strictly legal to make an oath before an officer of the law here—have a warrant issued—the party arrested and committed, in order to await a requisition of the Governor of the State from which he fled. It is not so much a matter of comity as a police regulation of our own, to get clear of dangerous delinquents.—We do not sustain the proceedings for the benefit of the State whose laws are violated, alone, but for our own safety. We are well aware that the legislation of Congress is exclusive in many cases; and if the rights of Virginia alone were concerned, she could not urge us to do more than carry into effect the Congressional provision. But every State has a right to protect its own citizens from the felons of other States; and if we choose to permit our magistrates to exercise such jurisdiction on an oath made under our own laws, the fugitive charged with felony cannot lawfully complain.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts, in 5—page 536, decided that their act of Assembly authorizing a similar proceeding, did not conflict with the Federal Constitution; and the custom at common law of Pennsylvania on the same subject is equally valid, deprived of such power, a large portion of the most dangerous criminals would escape punishment.

The only question left open is as to the guilt or innocence of Samuel Wilson and George Brooks—An attempt has been made to prove that those men were in this county at the time the alleged larceny was committed, for the purpose of showing a gross mistake in the charge, and raise doubts as to the identity.

We have no doubt whatever that these men are slaves belonging to Mr. Taylor, and fled at the time and in the manner stated by him. We have also no doubt that they took the horses, saddles and bridles; for although there is no direct proof of the fact, yet the men and the property disappeared from the same place at the same time, and the horses are found in the direction the men would pass to reach this place, where they were arrested; but the only point of any doubt is as to the *intention* with which they were taken. When one man clandestinely carries off the property of another in the night time, the fair presumption is that he intended to steal it; but that presumption may be repelled by circumstances. The party charged may show that he took the article for a temporary purpose—not with the intention to steal, but merely to use, intending to return it, or leave it where the owner might get it again. The defence mainly depends on their being slaves endeavoring to escape from their masters, and using their horses for that purpose, and not *animus furandi*. If there was any reasonable doubt as to the *intention*, it would be our duty to send the cases to a jury of the State of Virginia; but we have none: and if the men were on their trial in this Court, we should be obliged to instruct the jury to acquit them. The rule of law is settled in numerous cases, and at various periods of our judicial history, that if property is taken, even clandestinely, yet not with the intention to steal but merely to use, it is not larceny. If probable cause to believe these men guilty was made out, as committing magistrates, we should retain them for trial; but we do not think that any crime has been proved against them, and that the taking was a mere trespass.

No proof has been adduced as to what laws exist in Virginia on the subject of the abduction of property by slaves, but we take it for granted, in the absence of evidence, that they are governed by the rules of common law. If the rule is more stringent in that State, it should be shown by the accusers.

Another point has been raised: That the Court will not permit those men to be arrested, as they have been fraudulently seized, imprisoned and brought into Court on a criminal charge for which there was no foundation whatever.

We are by no means prepared to say that this charge was *fraudulently* preferred, but on the contrary, two of the defendants, Wilson and Brooks, can only escape a trial, and probable conviction, from the fact that they were slaves, endeavoring to escape from the custody of their master, and merely used the horses to aid them in their object.

We would not permit Mr, Taylor or any other man to seize his property in open court, which would be a contempt, but he has an undoubted right to take these men, wherever he can lay his hands on them, peaceably, and if violence or disturbance ensues, those persons are criminally responsible who cause it

We have power to prevent the abuse of *legal process*, but we have no legal authority to prevent the recapture of these men, or any other slaves, by the owner, when or wheresoever he may think proper to exercise his right, except in the face of Court.

It is therefore ordered that the said Samuel Wilson, George Brooks, and William (alias John) Strange be discharged from confinement.

Upon the announcement of the above decision, the owners of the slaves and their assistants proceeded to the jail in order to seize their men as soon as the keeper of the prison should discharge them. A great crowd, chiefly composed of colored persons, had by this time assembled in front of the jail, and all the avenues leading to the prison were filled with men, women and boys, of all colors.

As soon as the doors of the prison were opened and while the slaves were still in the vestibule of the prison, Mr. Taylor seized hold of one of his men, when the slaves resisted, and a general melee commenced between slave and master, in which the slaves were finally overcome and handcuffed, but not until some severe but not dangerous wounds were inflicted on both sides in which the slaves fared decidedly the worst. One made his escape and is, no doubt, safe enough ere this.

While this melee was going on, the negroes outside encouraged and some assisted the slaves as much as possible, but were principally prevented from doing much harm to the men engaged in the recapture by the large iron grated door in front of the vestibule, which was closed. The Court was made acquainted with a riot having actually commenced, or was about to commence; upon this information, they ordered all the men engaged in the vestibule of the jail to be detained on a charge of assault and battery, with intent to create a riot, and all parties, slaves and owners, were committed to prison.

Immediately after this affair was somewhat settled by the confinement of all the parties, the Court commenced issuing bench warrants for the arrest of the ringleaders, aiders and abettors in the riot, and ten arrests were actually made in the course of an hour; these men were placed under heavy bail, and some of them committed.

On the reassembling of the Court, in the afternoon, application was made for a writ of habeas corpus, to bring these owners and assistants in the recapture before the Court, and ask their discharge from confinement. This was granted and the case was immediately brought up before the Court, when after a lengthy examination on the part of the Commonwealth the parties were bound over in the sum of $500 each to appear and answer at the next Court of Quarter Session.

In the evening, Mr. Taylor came before the Court, and made information against the slaves, as participants and abettors in the riot, on which the slaves were committed, and they are now in jail. There is no doubt that on Tuesday next (to which day the Court stands adjourned), a writ of *habeas corpus* will be issued, on which the slaves will be heard, and if liberated on bail, we may expect another tumult.

The uproar and excitement during the day were very great, and the Judge of the Court thought it advisable to call on Gen. Seller for volunteers, who promptly obeyed the order, and had, in a very short time, a sufficient body of able bodied men under his command, with muskets and bayonets fixed, to disperse the mob, principally composed of colored men and women, from the front of the jail. All is quiet now, but I fear the worst is not over, as the owners seem to be determined to reclaim their property at all hazards.

END OF THE HARRISBURG RIOTS.

Opinion of Judge Pearson in holding the Defendants for Trial.

From the Philadelphia North American.

HARRISBURG, Monday, Aug 26, 1850.

The following opinion of Judge Pearson was delivered on Saturday evening, when he heard the owners and their assistants on a *habeas corpus*, on the charge of assault and battery.

The Commonwealth vs. *William Taylor and others—Writ of Habeas Corpus.*—These gentlemen are brought from the prison of Dauphin County on a writ of habeas corpus, having been cofined under the following circumstances. The Court was informed this day that a great riot was commenced and was in progress, at and about the prison, and that a number of persons were engaged in fighting within the jail walls; that much blood had been shed, and some lives supposed to have been taken; and it was apprehended, from the number of persons in the street endeavoring to force an entrance, that consequences of the gravest character might be expected. We directed our officers, with the Police of the town, to raise a sufficient force, make their way to the doors of the prison, and secure them, confining all who were within, and preventing the entrance of any more; and on this being done, to raise a sufficient force to arrest or disperse the mob on the outside, and secure and retain those within; all of which appears to have been performed.

Our sole object was to preserve the public peace and secure those who had broken it. The evidence now before us shows that the parties on hearing had entered the vestibule of the prison for the purpose of securing their slaves, who had fled from the State of Virginia, been charged with horse stealing; and by us discharged this day, on a writ of habeas corpus. The evidence shows that great violence was used by the owners in endeavoring to secure their property; and the slaves were most severely beaten, and left bleeding and almost senseless. The parties before us are fully identified, and the facts clearly proven.

So far as disclosed by those who have testified, there does not appear to have been anything in the nature and character of the resistance to resort to such extreme measures. The defendants have offered evidence to show that they were attacked by the slaves in a hostile manner, and used no more force than was necessarry to repel the attack and secure them in custody. We do not believe that, according to the rules of law in regard to preliminary examinations, we have a right to hear their evidence.

This is but a preliminary examination on a writ of habeas corpus; we are not to hear the evidence of both sides, but on the part of the Commonwealth only; else on every such writ this Court (or the separate judges thereof, as the case may be,) would arrogate to itself the decision of all disputed facts in the first instance, rendering trial by jury superfluous and unnecessary. We possess by law no such power, but where a *prima facia* case is made out by the Commonwealth, must leave the cause to be settled by a jury, when all the evidence will be heard.

As a court, we will judicially take notice of the facts proved before us yesterday, that the men endeavored to be arrested were slaves belonging to Mr. Taylor—and in our decision this morning, we declared that he had a right to take them wherever he could lay his hands peaceably upon them, except in the actual presence of the Court.

We are also of opinion that he and those whom he may have called to his assistance, had a right to use just as much force in arresting and securing them as an officer of the Commonwealth, with process in his hands, has in executing such process; that is, we could, by no means, justify a Sheriff or Constable in using the amount of violence proved to have been used in this case, we would hold them answerable for an assault and battery, so must we hold these defendants. The officer must, in the first place, use all gentle means to secure the party ordered to be arrested. If resisted, he must overcome that resistance by force, but must be extremely careful to measure it by the degree of violence used against him, and can only justify beating his prisoner to prevent great bodily harm to himself, and must desist as soon as he has it in his power to secure him by other means. We cannot accord to the defendants here any greater power when they come on to our soil to seize their fugitive slaves than we confer on our own peace officers. The persons engaged in resisting these men in the lawful exercise of their right of seizure, are guilty of a great wrong, and most unjustifiable breach of the public peace, for which we have held as many responsible as could be apprehended; and we must in like manner hold these gentlemen to answer at our next Court of Quarter Sessions, where the whole subject will be investigated. By the Court.

J. J. PEARSON, President Judge.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

The writer of the following statement, as is known to many of the readers of the Freeman, is the assistant or clerk in the Anti-Slavery office. His story is a striking one, and will be read with interest.—*Pa. Freeman.*

ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE, Philadelphia, Aug. 8th, 1850.

MR. J. M. MCKIM.

DEAR SIR: As you desired that I should make a statement of some of the most prominent facts in relation to the late wonderful discovery of one of my lost brothers, I submit the following brief account:

On the 2d inst., two men came into this office, one of whom I recognized, the other was an entire stranger. My acquaintance introduced the stranger to me by the name of Peter Freedman, of Alabama. The object of Peter's visit was merely referred to by my acquaintance, when Peter commenced his own story in an earnest and simple manner. Peter said that he was from Alabama. His visit here was for the purpose of seeing if he could gain some information or instruction how he might find out his people. He stated that he and an older brother had been stolen away from somewhere in this direction, about 41 or 42 years ago, when he was a boy only about six years old. Since that time he had been utterly secluded from all knowledge of his parents, having never even so much as heard a word from them or any of his relatives. I inquired of Peter what course he expected to pursue in order to gain the information he wished? He replied, that it was his intention to have notices written and read throughout the colored churches of this city. I then inquired of him if he knew the names of his parents? To which he replied that his father's name was Levin and his mother's Sidney; he did not know their last names. By this time I was much surprised and interested at the remarks made by the stranger, and I continued to put such questions to him as I thought would, most likely, throw light upon the subject. I again desired him to repeat over the names of his parents and older brother, and he at once complied with my request. By this time I perceived that a most wonderful story was about to be disclosed; however, I continued to ask questions respecting his being carried away, &c. I was then anxious to have my impressions verified by facts that could not be contested or disproved. I enquired of him if he knew the name of no other person, except those already mentioned? He answered that he knew a white man by the name of S. G., who lived near his parents—recollected of playing with this white man's children, &c. When the name of the white man was announced, my doubts all fled, and the fact was confirmed to my satisfaction, that an own dear brother whom I had never before seen was before me. There was no evading the evidence; all the names rehearsed, and the circumstances connected therewith, were familiar to me, having heard my parents speak of them very frequently. Besides, I could see in the face of my new found brother the likeness of my mother. My feelings were unutterable, and I was obliged to exert all my mental powers in order to conceal them. Thought after thought crowded my mind in relation to the past history of my parents, especially in connection with the interest felt for the two lost boys. After I had been convinced of the startling fact that Peter was my own brother, so sudden was the occurrence that I at once concluded to keep the whole matter to myself, until after I could get the chance of consulting with my sister, which I intended to do that evening. But after a moment's reflection, my mind changed, as I could see no good reason for withholding the secret from him any longer. I was then anxious for the friend who came with Peter to leave, as I preferred to be alone when I divulged the secret of my discovery to him. I told my acquaintance that he need not wait any longer, that I would take charge of Peter, &c. At least one hour had elapsed before I revealed to my brother one word of what I had discovered. After my acquaintance left the office, I took Peter and seated myself by his side, and commenced to make a brief explanation of what had been to us both a few moments before a profound mystery. I told him that I could tell him all about his kinsfolks. At this expression he seemed surprised, but not at all excited; I continued by telling him that he was an own brother of mine, and gave him the names of my parents, &c. To relate the particulars of our interview is quite unnecessary.

That you may better understand the story, I must go back and tell you what I never mentioned to you before, that my parents were once slaves. They lived in the State of Maryland, but feeling a strong desire for liberty, they were not slack in taking measures to procure it. My father deliberately (as I have often heard him say) resolved that he would rather die than live a slave. By demonstrating his disposition to his owner upon the subject, he was allowed the privilege of purchasing himself rather low, which he accepted, and by the earnings of his own hands he soon paid the sum demanded, and of course obtained his "free papers." At this time my father was only about twenty-one years of age. In the mean while he was married to my mother, who was a slave. My parents had four children, and the desire of freedom rested so heavily upon the mind of my mother, that she, in concert with my father, concluded that their only hope of enjoying each other's society depended altogether upon mother's making her escape. Their plans all being laid, they soon found themselves in the State of New Jersey But before mother had long enjoyed what she had so eagerly sought after, and what she prized so highly (liberty), she and all four of her children were pursued, captured, and carried back to Maryland, from whence they had fled. For a while after my mother was taken back, she was kept confined of nights in a garret, to prevent her from making a second effort for freedom; but it was all to no purpose. Before she had been back three months she made a second flight, taking her two youngest, which were girls, and leaving her two oldest boys, Levin and Peter. I shall never forget hearing my mother speak of the memorable night when she last fled. She went to the bed where her two boys, Levin and Peter, were sleeping—kissed them—consigned them into the hands of God, and took her departure again for a land of liberty. My mother's efforts proved successful, though at the heart-rending consideration of leaving two of her boys to the disposal of slave-holders. Those unfortunate boys were sold soon after my mother's escape. All that she ever heard of them afterwards was, that they had been sold far south. But I shall not have time nor space now to tell a great while longer upon particulars. I doubt not but what you will be interested to know something of the early career of Levin and Peter.

Peter related to me the following circumstances in regard to himself. He recollected to have missed his mother, and wanted to go to her. They said he should go to her—that they were going to take him and his brother to her. This deception was used in order to quiet them of course. But instead of being taken in the hands of their mother, when at their journey's end, they were placed in the hands of a trader in Kentucky. Thirteen of their youthful years were passed away in Kentucky, in a manner that I have no need of describing. They were then sold into the State of Alabama, where they were subjected to the painful necessity of passing through the hands of several owners. Levin died about nineteen years ago, and was buried by his surviving brother Peter. Within the last two years, Peter, through much entreaty, prevailed upon a gentleman to purchase him, with a view to let him work out his freedom. The price for Peter was $500. Through his industry and economy, by working of nights and using all possible activity, in doing extra jobs by day, he managed to accumulate the whole amount required for himself. As soon as he had accomplished the anxious task of paying the last dollar for himself, the life long wish of his heart prompted him to make enough money to defray his expenses on a tour in search of his people, for whom he felt the warmest affection; although he was so young at the time when separated from his parents as not to know even their last names. He had also endured the burthens of Slavery with all its ills for forty-three long years, yet he had not yielded his hopes of seeing the land from whence he had been sold, nor of again greeting that mother who gave him birth. The distance he travelled was about 1500 miles. He arrived in this city on the first of this month; on the 2d he found his brother in the place and manner above mentioned; on the 3d he was conveyed to my mother's in New Jersey, by two of my sisters who reside here. He found his mother, five brothers and three sisters.

I shall not attempt to describe the feelings of my mother and the family on learning the fact that Peter was one of us; I will leave that for you to imagine. You are probably aware that my father has been dead for seven years. Unfortunately brother Peter has a wife and three children in Slavery. He has gone back to Alabama with the earnest hope of being able to liberate his wife and children, by purchasing them, that being his only chance. His attachments to his family are so strong, that when I intimated to him—if he could not get them, I supposed he would leave them and come North—he instantly replied that he "would as soon go out of the world as not to go back and do all he could for them."

There are two very remarkable incidents connected with this development, which I must state to you before I close my letter, viz.: The name of the white man referred to, and remembered so correctly by my brother Peter, was that of his original owner, though the boys were too young to know that fact. The name of my mother had always, after her escape from Slavery, been kept concealed, and she was known only by a different one, for reasons which will readily occur to you. When I glance over those wonderful circumstances connected with the history of these unfortunate brothers, I am utterly astonished. But I cannot stop now to tell you the feelings of my heart in reference to those enslaved brothers and the enslaved generally. I have already said more than I had intended; still my account seems but brief. But you are too well acquainted with Slavery and its woes not to be able to judge in reference to what I have been obliged to omit.

Your obedient servant.

WM. STILL.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

[*Phonographic Report by Dr. Stone.*]

MELODEON.

SPEECH OF REV. JOHN L. RUSSELL.

MR. CHAIRMAN: In view of the resolutions which have been presented before this meeting of the increasing interest which this great cause produces in us all, I should feel that I were false to my own feelings, to my position in society, and to my conscience, were I to retire from this city, without expressing to you some feelings which have almost overwhelmed me at this present session. I have been, through most of the sessions in the daytime in this place, a listener to what has been promulgated on this platform. I have felt, in view of the different speeches which have been made, that this, without exaggeration, and without any mere words of cant, is a crisis in every one's own experience in regard to the most momentous subject which can press upon individual attention, not merely in State but in Church; not merely with respect to society and to our social position, but to our individuality; not merely with regard to the relations and courtesies of life, but to a higher idea of life which it was the intention of a true Christianity, as revealed in the Word of God, to make known to the universal world.

In many of the discussions which have taken place on this platform during the two past days, we could see that there were at work elements which would develop hereafter a fair and beautiful creation. It is a common and trite remark, that just before dawning, oftentimes, is the darkest period. And it is as sublime in the moral world as in the material, that before the fiat goes forth to produce new and beautiful forms, there is a vast chaos over the darkness in which the Spirit of God rules. This is particularly the case in relation to the point to which I shall speak.

I am no politician. I know nothing about, I care nothing about politics. I am no advocate for this party or that party. I consider them all one and the same, a unity of design for selfish purposes. I know not the virtue of the Whig, nor of the Democrat, nor of the Free Soiler. I have long left behind such follies, and consider them one and the same, and in the same category. Whatever may be their advantages, and to whatever great and noble ends they may be tending in their low and ignoble way, that I leave to them and to their God. But, in regard to the intellectual, to the moral, to the spiritual development of society, I have at this time a reference. In that I have had a deep concern, more particularly as developing, through a true church, a true Christianity; more particularly as developing through a true organization of goodness and piety on earth, the true idea of a true Christ.

Now, it seems to me, Mr. Chairman, with your leave, that it is the office of you Abolitionists, (I would I could say of us Abolitionists, but, like one more distinguished than myself in intellect and mind, I must say, that I am hardly able to be counted with you)—it seems to me that it is the duty of you Abolitionists to develop, at this time, the truest, the grandest, the only idea of a true Church on earth; to develop the true idea of a true Christianity; and to hold forth before the world, the true idea of a true Christ; so that society at large, and men everywhere, may look unto you, and you shall point at him with your fingers, and say, 'Behold the man!'

In the course of the week, I have been to several religious meetings. If I belong to any denomination, Mr. Chairman, I belong to that which is called Unitarian. Of course, my sympathies would be with that denomination, and I should attend their meetings in preference to any other. I have, just an hour ago, come from one of their conference meetings. While sitting there, I heard much that was good. It was good for me to be there. I felt the spirit of the place, and the spirit of the hour. I felt that there was in man a deep-seated religious sentiment, which would out, and which nothing could restrain. I felt somewhat how it was that, in olden times as now, men and women met for the purposes of religious exercise But all the while, Mr. Chairman, I felt—(I do not wish to judge my brethren, certainly I should judge no man,) but it seemed to me that it was a low idea, I am sorry to say, of the Christian religion, which was satisfied with ideas and views there presented; which was satisfied with the devotional form of religion, and had scarcely a word to utter for the practical and the real.

We were told in that meeting,—I see faces here which I saw there, and if I utter anything wrong, I hope I shall be corrected, for I seek for truth, not merely in the Anti-Slavery movement, but in every thing else,—we were told there, among other things, that there were two ideas to be presented to us suggested by the beautiful season of the year to which we had then arrived, [illegible] the love of man or human brotherhood. We were told that the paternity of God was an overwhelming idea, a crushing one; and that great and beautiful as it was it was one which we could not well approach without some intervening medium, and that medium was the Saviour.

But what I wish to come at more particularly is this point, that the brotherhood of man was second; the paternity of God was first. Now, Mr. Chairman, it seems to me that it is the duty of you Abolitionists to develop what is rudely, I may say, but very strongly shown here yesterday; rudely, I mean in form of speech. It is your duty to show that the idea of the brotherhood of man is the first in the category, and that the only idea we can have of God is through man; that there is nothing higher here than man, no idea we can conceive so great as man; nothing so tangible as the human relation; nothing so magnificent, so generous, as the human views of life; nothing so great as the relations of man to man; nothing that teaches us so clearly that there is a God as the human mind; nothing which teaches that there is a God like the immortal affections implanted in the human being; nothing which reveals God, the Father, like the Man Christ; nothing so much as this which gives us an idea of the future church on earth, when all men everywhere shall be joined in one spirit, one body, in Christ; when there shall be no difference of men and women, no difference of sex, no difference of color, of complexion, of form, of condition, of society, of intellect, of spirit; but all grades, all conditions, all forms, all possible developments, being but different members of one body in Christ; and that representing the best and highest idea we can have of God. Thus we see God in man; thus Christ in God; thus the best idea we can have of the Divine character, as developed in the best and most glorious ideas we can have of man on earth.

We are told that the world is but a present scene of pain and suffering, of trial and privation; and that it would be of very little value, were it not for that future endless life beyond this. The remarks of a very respectable and highly honored brother of mine, to that effect, in one of these meetings, was 'That we had been brought through the desolation of winter, and that now spring was revealing to us what will be revealed after death has closed our present scene, the beauties, the glories of a future life.' It seems to me that it is the duty of Abolitionists, among other things, to show that this life is the real life; that the duties we here owe man to man are heavenly duties; that the development of his highest affections, of the noblest views of God, of the unity of the race, of the making one in Christ, as Christ was one in God; that the elevation of men, and the tearing away from them of all low, all degrading ideas of this world, and making this world and the other one and the same, thus causing the human mind every where to have the most glorious, the most exalted, the most generous, the most self-sacrificing ideas of life, and thus of its supreme value; that this is to elevate man, and this is to cause him to have that just conception of a holy religion, and of that Church of God, which is revealed in the New Testament.

Now, I have no quarrel, Mr. Chairman, with any one who feels the dreariness of the world, and who looks for a better one beyond. Indeed, were it not for the idea which I deem so erroneous, the three millions of our fellow-beings in bondage would have a hard lot indeed. It is a hope which I trust will mitigate the burden of the chain, but it is a low idea. It is worthy only of an ignoble mind, be it black or white. I have no quarrel with any clergyman who tries to satisfy his hearers that this life is all blackness, and that in a future life we are to be rewarded for the pains and privations we have experienced here. I have no quarrel with any man who can see in all around us nothing but desolation, nothing but the marks of death, and sorrow, and despair. But I have no sympathy with such views. God has not revealed it to me so. This copious rain we have had for these few days past, there is great evidence in it of the goodness of God. It is as great an illustration of His bounty, it is as cheering a token of His providence, as the most genial sun that ever shone on this earth.

There is a very excellent friend of your cause, to whom I have had the great pleasure of listening heretofore, whose favorite theory is, that it is the theological doctrines and dogmas that keep the slave in his chains. And the more I attend these meetings, the more I come up to your gatherings, the more I hear of the doings of Church and State, the more satisfied I am that the human heart is enslaved by the dogmas of a false religion [applause], and that the sublime teachings of Christianity are hardly begun to be understood.

We are to change the public sentiment with respect to every aspect in which we stand in our relations to each other. We are to change the public sentiment of the world on religious matters. We are to go back to the absolute, however incorrect or ungrammatical that may appear in the minds of certain divines—we are to go back to the absolute. We are to present this as the substance of all true religion, as the corner-stone of Christianity; indeed, if I may say it reverently, as the corner-stone of the throne of God. We are to seek to know only that which is right, which is benificent, which is progressive. We are to sacrifice everything else on the stern, rude altar of duty. We are to repudiate, come from whatever source it may, every thing which injures ourselves or our brethren. This is the definition of the absolute. This is the true signification of right. No one can mistake. It is not necessary, now-a-days, as with the proud Roman governor, to ask sneeringly of abolitionists, or of any other reformers, 'What is right?' It is not, in these days, for any one to say there may be doubts as to what is right, or what is wrong. Such a sentiment betrays a degraded, a servile, a world-serving mind; an ignorance of which any man, who pretends to know the A B C of Christianity, ought to be heartily ashamed. That only is right which subserves the noblest purposes of man. That only is right which, when followed, developes the progressive tendencies of the race. Through all time, such has been the verdict of men; such has been the verdict of God, in the experience of men. We need not turn to this divine, or to that commentary; we need not ask this church, this council, this creed, to tell us what is the will or word of God. Every one who has common sense, who takes reason for his guide, finds the answer here. And if the verdict of Christendom should be, that that which injures and degrades you is right, you would ignore such a sentiment; you would reject with loathing and hate such an interpretation of the word of God.

Let me, then, Mr. Chairman, close as I begun. I hail you as faithful laborers in the great vineyard of the Lord. I wish not to flatter you. It is not in my vein to flatter any one. Far different generally are the ideas entertained of my mode of speech. I feel that I must say, willingly or no, that you are now, it seems to me, at this crisis, enabled to develope the true idea of a true Christianity.

I urge you, by all that is solemn, good, sacred, divine; by the memories of ancient prophets, and of men who spoke with the spirit of God, by all the angels looking approvingly down on you for your unshaken and unwavering advocacy of the absolute and the right; I conjure you that you be faithful to this trust; and the time shall yet be seen with prophetic vision, when the shackles shall fall, not merely from the limbs of the slave, but from the minds of men; and all shall understand that the brotherhood of man, that reverence for humanity, that the affections developed and exercised one toward another, are the highest views that can be entertained of this life, the highest ideas we can have of God, and the best we can entertain of Christ, and of his divine mission. [Cheers.]

SPEECH OF THADDEUS STEVENS,
OF PENNSYLVANIA,
ON THE CALIFORNIA QUESTION.

Made in the House of Representatives, Night Session, June 10, 1850.

MR. CHAIRMAN: How far Congress can legislate for the Territories, and admit new States into the Union [illegible]

The power to admit new States is expressly given by the Constitution. But the extent of that power is by no means settled. In my judgment, it refers only to new States formed out of territory previously belonging to the nation. Such was the opinion of Mr. Jefferson, and I have never seen it successfully controverted. Clearly that clause conferred no diplomatic powers on Congress. Consequently, Congress could enter into no negotiation with foreign Powers; for that would be an act of diplomacy. The right to admit foreign independent nations into the Confederacy is nowhere given to Congress, either by direct grant or necessary implication. I do not believe it exists anywhere, except with the treaty-making power. This question will probably be seriously considered and finally decided, when Texas comes to subdivide her territory into States, and claim their admission into the Union, if that unfortunate event should ever happen.

The right of Congress, and the extent of that right, to legislate for the Territories, has become a question of fierce discussion by the ablest minds of the nation For sixty years and upwards, after the passage of the Ordinance of 1787 and the adoption of the Constitution, no one seriously doubted the right of Congress to control the whole legislation of the Territories—to establish Territorial Governments, create courts, fix the tenure of the judges and other officers—in short, to exercise all acts of municipal as well as political legislation. For sixty years, all that authority has been exercised over the Northwestern Territory, the Southwestern Territory, over Louisiana, Florida and Oregon. In the mean time, the question had been definitively and conclusively settled by all the branches of the Government—by Presidents, by Congresses, by repeated decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. Elementary writers, Story, Rawle, and others, had so laid down the law.

It is only since our dismemberment of the Mexican Empire, that this question has been opened, and found able and apparently sincere statesmen totally to deny the power.

Those who, half a century hence, shall be led to examine the archives of the nation, will naturally inquire what new light had been shed on this subject; what new event had happened to disturb this well-settled opinion. It may possibly be found, that even in this free and enlightened Republic, men, statesmen and demagogues, were actuated by the same cupidity, lust of power and of office, which governed the people of the old and corrupt nations of the world. That an independent nation, without treaty and without warrant in the Constitution, by the mere act of Congress, was corruptly admitted into this Confederacy for the avowed purpose of extending the dominion of Slavery; and that California and New Mexico were acquired for the same object. But that it was found that Congress, unexpectedly to the South, determined to exclude Slavery from them; and had actually passed a bill for that purpose, through the House of Representatives; and it was lost in the Senate only for want of time. Then Southern statesmen discovered that the only chance they had of carrying out their original design was to deny the power of Congress to pass such a law. They abandoned the position sanctioned by themselves, and by the prescription of sixty years, and boldly assumed this new attitude.

But to be successful, they must bring Northern aid to this new doctrine. They put in requisition the means which before had always availed them—the political weight of Slavery. A Presidential election was approaching. He alone, who was willing to receive this new light, and surrender his conscience to its illumination, could receive their support. Among the most prominent of the aspirants to that high office was a gentleman of distinguished talents, of great scientific and legal attainments, who had reached the mature age of nearly three score years and ten. He was particularly versed in the Constitution and laws which regulate the Territories. He had grown up with them. He had filled several offices, and among them the highest in Territorial Governments established by Congress. He acknowledged the exclusive power of Congress over them, and its power to exclude Slavery from them. He was prepared to vote for the Wilmot Proviso, and expressed great regret that he was deprived of the opportunity, by a debate which was protracted to the end of the session of 1846. There seemed but little hope that his judgment, thus matured, his opinion formed with care, and consolidated by the action of a long life, could ever be so changed as to entitle him to Southern support. But miracles have not ceased in the moral, whatever may be the case in the physical world. Southern alchemy was applied; straightway a shaking was seen among the dry bones, and he stood up, regenerated, illuminated, and transformed. The scales fell from his ancient eyes, and he saw bright visions. He now denies to Congress the least power over the Territories! To vindicate, not his consistency, for that is hopeless, but his honesty, he has devoted thirty odd mortal pages of a speech, to show the error indulged in for the last sixty years, by Congresses, by Presidents, by Supreme Courts, by constitutional writers, and by himself.

I shall not attempt to follow his labored argument, especially as very few of his Southern allies now endorse it. All, however, must feel sincere regret that he changed his opinions under such peculiar circumstances.

My opinion as to the *extent* of the power in Congress in legislating for the Territories differs somewhat from those who admit the general and exclusive power.

The Supreme Court, the ultimate arbiter fixed by the People *finally* to decide all questions arising under the Constitution and laws of Congress, have, by repeated decisions, derived the exclusive power of Congress to legislate for the Territories from the clause in the Constitution which says—"*The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the Territory and other property of the United States.*"

I do not suppose that any branch of this Government is at liberty practically to disregard these decisions. It would be as improper in the President, Congress, or any other functionary of the Government, as it would be in an individual. In him it would be a misdemeanor. If it were now an open question, I should hesitate to rest it wholly on that part of the Constitution. There is much weight in the argument that "*Territory*" is used in the singular number and coupled with the phrase "*or other property belonging to the United States.*" It seems to have been intended to apply to a single Territory and the Government property therein. At the adoption of the Constitution, the United States owned but one Territory (the Northwestern). Nor did the Constitution provide for the acquisition of any other. Clearly no such power is given to Congress, either expressly or by necessary implication. It is to be found, if it exists anywhere in the Government, in the treaty-making power alone. The Supreme Court have fortified their opinion of the power of Congress over the Territories, as the necessary con-

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sequence of the right to acquire by treaty. If I were allowed to indulge my own judgment, I should place the right of Congress to legislate for the Territories acquired from foreign nations *wholly* in the consequences resulting from the right of acquisition.

By the law of nations, when a nation acquires Territory, either by conquest or treaty, it becomes subject to the will of the acquiring Power. The laws of such Power, however, do not spread over it until some express legislation. In the mean time their own laws remain in full force. Not unfrequently such subject provinces are for a long time governed by very different laws from the country to which they become attached. Canada, and other British provinces are to this day. But the very fact of acquisition gives to the sovereign power of the acquiring State all power to legislate for such acquisitions. It requires no constitutional or treaty provision. Wherever the legislative power of the new sovereign is placed, whether in King, Parliament, or Congress, there is the whole and only power to govern them.

Our Constitution places the legislative power in Congress. Consequently, Congress has exclusive power over the Territories newly acquired. The Constitution itself does not extend to them, and can have no influence upon them, except so far as it creates and defines the legislative organ of the sovereign will of the nation. None of the officers in the Territories hold by a coustitutional tenure. No law of the United States was ever supposed to be extended to any of the Territories by the mere force of the Constitution. The provision for the return of fugitive slaves does not extend to the Territories. Any slave escaping or being taken into New Mexico or California, would be instantly free. Hence, by the act of 1793, express provision for the subject was made with regard to the Territories which we then had.

It follows that Congress alone has the exclusive power to legislate for the Territories; and that any action by the inhabitants in forming Governments for themselves, until authorized by Congress, is irregular, and, as is justly argued by the gentleman from Virginia [Mr. SEDDON], and other Southern gentlemen, mere usurpation. I do not think, however, it is such usurpation as is to be treated as criminal; but may be either sanctioned or disallowed, as Congress may deem most conducive to the general welfare.

But it is contended, that although Congress has exclusive, it has not unlimited jurisdiction. That it may and is bound to legislate to protect Slavery, but cannot prohibit it.

A distinguished Senator from Kentucky [Mr. CLAY] controverts this doctrine, and holds that Congress can abolish, prohibit, or *establish* Slavery in the Territories.

I can agree to neither of these propositions. In support of the first, it is argued that the prohibition of Slavery would violate the provision of the Constitution which says that "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States." I can see no force in the argument. This article simply provides that the law shall not discriminate between citizens of the several States. Now, a law which prohibits *every* person from holding slaves in the Territories does not discriminate, but grants to all equal "privileges" and "immunities."

But such law is said to be partial, because a portion of our citizens cannot take their property with them. This is not true in point of fact. Every man may take his property, conforming to the local law when he gets there. If any of them possess property which by the law of nature or of man would be worthless, of course he will leave it behind. A large capital, in Pennsylvania, is invested in stock, tools and implements for smelting and manufacturing iron. If it turns out, as I believe is likely to be the fact, that most of our newly-acquired territory has neither coal nor iron ore, what right had the General Government to expend the common treasure to purchase territory to which the Pennsylvania iron masters could not take their property without rendering it worthless? The argument is quite as cogent, and more just, than that used by the slaveholder.

The only fair inquiry is, do the same laws operate on all, without regard to the quantity or quality of their property, or the section from whence they come?

But it is said that such a law would violate the rights of the slaveholder, by depriving him of his property—his vested rights.

To divest him of property in slaves in free Territories, it must be first shown that he has such property. It is a principle of the common law, quite as sacred as the doctrine of vested rights, that by the *general* law man is not the subject of property: that he can be held in bondage only by express local law; and that, wherever the slave is beyond the jurisdiction of such local law, no matter how he gets there, he is free. This has never been doubted since the celebrated decision of Lord Mansfield, in the case of the negro Summersett. Nor does it make any difference whether the slave jurisdiction and the free jurisdiction belong to the same or different Governments. By the *common law*, if a slave escapes from a slave State into a free State, he is free. That principle of the common law, however, is prevented from operating in the States by a clause in the Constitution. But it is in full force in the Territories, to which that provision does not extend. The master, therefore, who takes his slave into free Territories, has no vested rights or property in him which can be impaired. The slave becomes a man, and has a vested and inalienable right to liberty.

While it is thus found that Congress has the right to prohibit and abolish Slavery in the Territories, it does not follow that it has the power to *establish* it.

I admit that Congress has all legislative power over the Territories necessary for the legislation of a free Government, except when expressly restrained by the provisions of the Constitution, or the fundamental principles of the Government. It is not bound by the article which reserves to the States all powers not expressly granted to the United States.

Still, there are general principles, restraining the power of Congress wherever it extends. There are certain other principles, not mentioned in the Constitution, which Congress cannot annul or violate, because they are the foundation of our Government. They are enumerated in the Declaration of Independence. Wherever those principles are not alterd or overruled by express compact in the Constitution, they potentially control the action of the General Government. I admit that, in forming the organic law, they might have been repudiated. Some of them unfortunately were.

At first it was supposed that they controlled the State Governments also. It was decided by the judicial tribunals of some of the States, Massachusetts for one, that the Declaration of Independence abolished Slavery without any legislative enactment. But it came to be more reasonably considered that the Declaration was not made by the States, but by the National Government, and that the principles of State rights and legislation must be sought for in State documents.

This Bill of Rights of the American nation declares liberty to be an inalienable right. Nor does the Constitution give Congress any power to restrain or take away this right, except in the case of fugitives from labor into other *States*. The legislative power of the several States is controlled by similar principles. They have generally formed a Declaration or Bill of Rights of their own.

I find that every free State has adopted a Bill of Rights similar to the following, which are to be found in those of Massachusetts and New Hampshire: "All men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential and inalienable rights; among which are the right of enjoying and defending their lives and liberties; and that of acquiring, possessing and protecting property."

Those Constitutions nowhere prohibit their Legislatures from establishing Slavery, or violating vested rights. Yet I suppose that no sound stateman would contend that they could do either, because it would be inconsistent with the fundamental principles of their Government, as expressed in their Bill of Rights. It would, in my judgment, be equally preposterous to assert that Congress possessed such power, when the Bill of Rights of the nation declares liberty to be "inalienable."

I think it follows inevitably, that Congress may abolish or prohibit Slavery wherever it has exclusive jurisdiction, but can establish it nowhere.

I should not have deemed it necessary to give any reasons now for such exclusion, had it not been lately repeatedly contended on this floor, and in the Senate, that Slavery is a *blessing*. Northern gentlemen have here said that they do not view it with much horror; and my colleague from Luzerne [Mr BUTLER] looks upon it as a religious or divine institution, if I rightly understood him. This seems to render it proper again to examine the character of the institution. This, I am aware, will bring down upon me all its venom.

When I ventured some time since to give my opinion freely of the real condition and evils of Slavery, I expected to be assailed by the defenders of the institution. While that greatest, most honest, and most fearless of modern statesmen who was stricken down by death in this Hall, was, almost unaided, defending human rights, and denouncing the horrors of Slavery, we saw him, from year to year, the object of the bitterest personal abuse in this House, and by the slave press everywhere. No motives were too foul to impute to him; no crimes too atrocious to charge upon him. It was sought to expel him from this body; and it was prevented only by his own gallant defence. Sir, I trust it will not be supposed that I have the vanity to expect to be touched by any of the rays of that glory which will forever surround his name, on account of the calumnies, the insults, and the persecutions, which he endured in this high and holy cause. But if I could indulge such hopes, gentlemen from the South, and those who are no gentlemen from the North, are kindly contributing to my ambitious aspirations. My late speech has been deemed of sufficient importance to attract attention, not to it, but to its author. Sir, our acts and our remarks are legitimate subjects of comment and rigid examination; and when any humble effort of mine shall receive such notice in the only way which *gentlemen* will pursue, it will give me pleasure to retract what I am convinced is wrong, and calmly to defend the rest, however severe may be the criticism.

I do not remember one of the numerous gentlemen who have referred to my remarks, who has attempted to deny one of the facts, or refute one of the arguments; they have noticed them merely to vituperate their author. To such remarks there can be no reply by him who is not willing to place himself on a level with blackguards. I cannot enter that arena. I will leave the filth and the slime of Billingsgate to the fish-women, and to their worthy coadjutors, the gentlemen from Virginia [Mr. Millson,] from North Carolina, [Mr. Stanley,] from Kentucky [Mr. Stanton,] from Tennessee, [Mr. Williams,] and all that tribe. With them I can have no controversy. When I want to combat with such opponents and such weapons, I can find them any day by entering the fish market, without defiling this Hall.

I beg those respectable fish-ladies, however, to understand that I do not include my colleague from Bucks county among those whom I deem fit to be their associates. I would not so degrade them.

There is, in the natural world, a little, spotted, contemptible animal, which is armed by nature with a fetid, volatile, penetrating *virus*, which so pollutes whoever attacks it, as to make him offensive to himself and all around him. Indeed, he is almost incapable of purification. Nothing, sir, no insult, shall provoke me to crush so filthy a beast!

Mr. Chairman, I crave your pardon for this unprofitable digression. I trust I shall never again be betrayed into a similar one, even to brush off these invading vermin.

When I turned off into this episode, I was stating that gentlemen on this floor, and in the Senate, had repeatedly, during this discussion, asserted that Slavery was a moral, political, and personal blessing; that the slave was free from care, contented, happy, fat, and sleek. Comparisons have been instituted between slaves and laboring freemen, much to the advantage of the condition of Slavery. Instances are cited where the slave, after having tried freedom, had voluntarily returned to resume his yoke. Well, if this be so, let us give all a chance to enjoy this blessing. Let the slaves, who choose, go free; and the free, who choose, become slaves. If these gentlemen believe there is a word of truth in what they preach, the slaveholder need be under no apprehension that he will ever lack bondsmen. Their slaves would remain, and many freemen would seek admission into this happy condition. Let them be active in propagating their principles. We will not complain if they establish societies in the South for that purpose—abolition societies to abolish freedom. Nor will we rob the mails to search for incendiary publications in favor of Slavery, even if they contain seductive pictures, and cuts of those implements of happiness, handcuffs, iron yokes, and cat-o'-nine-tails.

If these Southern gentlemen and their Northern sycophants are sincere and correct, then I must admit that they have just cause of complaint—the only real aggression which the North ever inflicted on them. For it cannot be denied that for two centuries the North has mainly contributed to secure to a particular race the whole advantages of this blissful condition of Slavery; and, at the same time, have imposed on the white race the cares, the troubles, the lean anxieties of freedom. This is a monopoly inconsistent with republican principles, and should be corrected. If it will save the Union, let these gentlemen introduce a "compromise," by which these races may change condition; by which the oppressed master may slide into that happy state where he can stretch his sleek limbs on the sunny ground without fear of deranging his toilet: when he will have no care for to-morrow; another will be bound to find him meat and drink, food and raiment, and provide for the infirmities and helplessness of old age. Impose, if you please, upon the other race, as a compensation for their former blessings, all those cares, and duties, and anxieties.

It may be objected that the white man is not fitted to to enjoy that condition like the black man. Certainly, at first, it will be so. But let not that discourage him. He may soon become so.

I will not go into a discussion as to the original equality and identity of the human race. I am not learned in those things, nor, unfortunately, in any other. But I appeal to the learned men of this House, the gentleman from Alabama, [Mr. HILLIARD,] from Massachusetts, [Mr. MANN,] from Vermont, [Mr. MEACHAM,] to say if the ethnological researches of the past and present age—whether drawn from the physiology or the philology of tribes and nations of men—do not all corroborate the recorded fact that "*He hath made of one blood all nations of men*;" and that their present great variety in color, form, and intellect, is the effect of climate, habits, food, and education. Let not the white man therefore despair on account of the misfortune of his color. Homer informs us that the moment a man becomes a slave, he loses half the man; and a few short years of apprenticeship will expunge all the rest except the faint glimmerings of an immortal soul. Take your stand, therefore, courageously in the swamp, spade and mattock in hand, and uncovered and half-naked, toil beneath the broiling sun. Go home to your hut at night, and sleep on the bare ground, and go forth in the morning unwashed to your daily labor, and a few short years, or a generation or two at most, will give you a color that will pass muster in the most fastidious and pious slave market in christendom.—Your shape also will gradually conform to your condition. Your parched and swollen lips will assume a chronic and permanent thickness of the most approved style. Your feet, unconfined by shoes, and accustomed to a marshy soil, will shoot out behind and sideways until they will assume the most delightful symmetry of Slavery. Deprived of all education, cut off from all ambitious aspirations, your mind will soon lose all foolish and perplexing desires for freedom; and the whole man would be sunk into a most happy and contented indifference. And all these faculties, features, and color, would descend to your fortunate posterity; for no fact is better established than that the accidental or acquired qualities of body and mind are transmissible, and become hereditary. True, your descendants will be black, stupid, and ugly. But they would only be so many incontestible evidences of their natural right and fitness for the enjoyment of this state of moral, political, and personal happiness!

Among others, numerous clergymen are found defending this institution, and praising its *comforts* and *advantages*. The same spirit which induced them to defend tyranny in the time of the Charleses, and the Jameses; to maintain the divine right of Kings; to inculcate the duty of passive obedience and non-resistance; and to anathematize those who resisted the tyranny of the "Lord's annointed"—prompts them now to take the side of the oppressor against the oppressed. They find the same kind of argument in the Scriptures to uphold Slavery that they then found to justify the despotism of profligate Kings. I shall not answer their absurd and blasphemous position. That has been effectually done by the honorable gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. FOWLER]. But I will say that these reverend parisites do more to make infidels than all the writings of Hume, Voltaire, and Paine. If it were once shown that the Bible authorized, sanctioned, and enjoined human Slavery, no good man would be a Christian. It contains no such horrible doctrine. But if it did, it would be conclusive evidence to my mind, that it is a spurious imposition, and not the WORD of the God who is the Father of men, and no respecter of persons.

I have before me a work by clergymen who maintain the above doctrine. They descant largely on the *comforts* of Slavery. One of the heads of this pious discourse is, "*Slavery is a beneficent institution.*"

I know there are many to agrees in the miseries of Slavery. Some masters treat their servants with great kindness; others more severely; others with merciless cruelty, according to their dispositions, for that alone governs their conduct. But, notwithstanding this diversity in suffering, he must have a callous heart who can speak of the *beneficence* of Slavery.

Dante, by actual observation, makes hell consist of nine circles, the punishments of each increasing in intensity over the preceding. Those doomed to the first circle are much less afflicted than those in the ninth, where are tortured Lucifer and Judas Iscariot—and I trust, in the next edition, will be added, the Traitors to Liberty. But notwithstanding this difference in degree, all from the first circle to the ninth, inclusive, is hell—cruel, desolate, abhorred, horrible hell! If I might venture to make a suggestion, I would advise these reverend perverters of Scripture to devote their subtlety to what they have probably more interest in—to ascertaining and demonstrating (perhaps an accompanying map might be useful) the exact spot and location where the most *comfort* might be enjoyed—the coolest corner in the Lake that burns with fire and brimstone!

But not only by honorable gentlemen in this House, and right honorable gentlemen in the other, but throughout the country, the friends of Liberty are reproached as "transcendentalists and fanatics." Sir, I do not understand the terms in such connection.—There can be no fanatics in the cause of genuine Liberty. *Fanaticism is excessive zeal.* There may be, and have been, fanatics in false religion; in the bloody religion of the heathen. There are fanatics in superstition. But there can be no fanatics, however warm their zeal, in true religion, even although you sell your goods, and bestow your money on the poor, and go and follow your Master. There may be, and every hour shows around me, fanatics in the cause of false liberty—that infamous liberty which justifies human bondage; that liberty whose corner-stone is Slavery." But there can be no fanaticism, however high the enthusiasm, in the cause of rational, universal Liberty—the liberty of the Declarantion of Independence.

This is the same censure which the Egyptian tyrant cast upon those old Abolitionists, Moses and Aaron, when they "agitated" for freedom, and, in obedience to the command of God, bade him let the people go.

But we are told by these pretended advocates of Liberty in both Branches of Congress, that those who preach Freedom here and elsewhere are the slave's worst enemies; that it makes the slaveholder increase their burdens, and tighten their chains; that more cruel laws are enacted since this agitation began in 1835. Sir, I am not satisfied that this is the fact. I will send to the Clerk, and ask him to read a law of Virginia, enacted more than fifty years before this agitation began. It is to be found in the 6th volume of Hening's Statutes at Large of Virginia, published in 1819, "*pursuant to an act of the General Assembly of Virginia, passed on the 5th day of February*, 1808."

Sec. xxiv. "*And that when any slave shall be notoriously guilty of going abroad in the night, or running away and laying out, and cannot be reclaimed from such disorderly courses by common methods of punishment, it shall be lawful for the County Court, upon complaint and proof thereof to them made by the owner of such slave, to order and direct such punishment by* DISMEMBERING, *or any other way, not touching life, as the Court shall think fit. And if such slave shall die by means of such* DISMEMBERING, *no forfeiture or punishment shall be thereby incurred.*"

I have had that law read, to see if any gentleman can turn me to any more cruel laws passed since the "agitation." I did not read it myself, though found on the pages of Old Virginia's law books, lest it should make the modest gentleman from Virginia [Mr. MILLSON] and the gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. STANLY] and his grey-headed negro, blush!

[Mr. BAYLY of Virginia. That law is repealed, or not now in force.

Mr. STEVENS. Then I am glad that the agitation has produced some amelioration of your laws, although I still find it on your statute-book.*

But suppose it were true that the masters had become more severe; has it not been so with tyrants in every age: The nearer the oppressed is to freedom, and the more hopeful his struggles, the tighter the master rivets his chains. Moses and Aaron urged the emancipation of the enslaved Jews. Their master hardened his heart. Those fanatical Abolitionists, guided by Heaven, agitated anew. Pharaoh increased the burden of the slaves. He requierd the same quantity of brick from them without straw, as when the straw had been found them. They were seen dispersed and wandering to gather stubble, to make out their task. They failed, and were beaten with stripes. Moses was their worst enemy, according to these philanthropic gentlemen. Did the Lord think so, and command him to desist, lest he should injure them? No; he directed him to agitate again, and demand the abolition of Slavery from the King himself. That great slaveholder still hardened his heart, and refused. The Lord visited him with successive plagues—lice, frogs, locusts, thick darkness—until, as the agitation grew higher, and the chains were tighter drawn, he smote the first born of every house in Egypt; nor did the slaveholder relax the grasp on his victims, until there was wailing throughout the whole land, over one dead in every family, from the King that sat on the throne to the captive in the dungeon. So I fear it will be in this land of wicked Slavery. You have already among you what is equivalent to the lice and the locusts, that wither up every green thing where the foot of Slavery treads. Beware of the final plague. And you, in the midst of Slavery, who are willing to do justice to the people, take care that your works testify to the purity of your intentions, even at some cost. Take care that your door-posts are sprinkled with the blood of sacrifice, that when the destroying angel goes forth, as go forth he will, he may pass you by.

Aside from the principle of Eternal Right, I will never consent to the admission of another slave State into the Union, (unless bound to do so by some constitutional compact, and I know of none such,) on account of the injustice of slave representation. By the Constitution, not only the States now in the Union, but all that may hereafter be admitted, are entitled to have their slaves represented in Congress, five slaves being counted equal to three white freemen. This is unjust to the free States, who allow them a representation in the compound ratio of persons and property. There are twenty-five gentlemen on this floor who are virtually the representatives of slaves alone, having not one free constituent. This is an outrage on every representative principle, which supposes that representatives have constituents, whose will they are bound to obey, and whose interest they protect.

The slave representation should not be increased, for it already possesses a power dangerous to the Constitution. In the Senate, Slavery has the power to reject all nominations to office who are not obedient to the institution. That power is exercised. The real leader of that body, a Senator from Mississippi, not long since, frankly declared in debate, that he would vote for no nominee who was tinctured with Anti-Slavery doctrines, or who had active friends that were. This power was notoriously and successfully brought to bear, several years since, against a distinguished and worthy gentleman, who was nominated to an office far below his merits, because he had spoken evil of the "dark spirit of Slavery." Thus are Northern men held in duress!

This power *demands* from Congress "compromises" which shall increase its influence. Sir, this word "compromise," when applied to human rights, and constitutional rights, I abhor. We are not asked, but *commanded*, to compromise away the Constitution. It is well known that, when Congress assembled here, a large majority of its members, as well as a large majority of the people, were in favor of prohibiting Slavery in all the Territories, and admitting no new slave States into the Union. It is a vital principle of the Constitution, that the will of a majority shall govern. But terror, treason, threats, are used to compel the majority to yield to a turbulent minority. The violence of passion, the recklessness of ambition, and the corruption of party, are all used to bring about this "compromise" of constitutional right. He who regards his oath to support the Constitution cannot thus surrender.

I shall not now particularly refer to the features of the most extraordinary conspiracy against liberty in the Senate, called the Compromise bill. If it should survive its puerperal fever, we shall have another opportunity of knocking the monster in the head. I pass over what is familiarly known as the "ten million bribe," which was evidently inserted for no other purpose than to create public opinion on change and carry the bill.

But it is proposed to propitiate Virginia by giving her $200,000,000 out of the public Treasury, the proceeds of the public lands. If this sum were to be given for the purpose of purchasing the freedom of her slaves, large as it is, it should have my hearty support. It is, I think, at least fifty millions more than would pay for them all at a fair market price. But it is designed for no purpose of emancipation. The cool-headed, cool-hearted, philosophic author had no such "transcendental" object. It is to be specially appropriated to exile her free people of color, and transport them from the land of their birth to the land of the stranger! Sir, this is a proposition not "fit to be made."

[Mr. AVERETT of Virginia here asked, Did not New England sell slaves?]

Mr. STEVENS. Yes, she sold, she imported slaves; she was very wicked; she has long since repented. Go ye and do likewise.

It is my purpose nowhere in these remarks to make personal reproaches; I entertain no ill-will towards any human being, nor any brute, that I know of, not even the skunk across the way to which I referred.—Least of all would I reproach the South. I honor her courage and fidelity. Even in a bad, a wicked cause, she shows a united front. *All* her sons are faithful to the cause of human bondage, because it is *their* cause. But the North—the poor, timid, mercenary, drivelling North—has no such united defenders of her cause, although it is the cause of human liberty. None of the bright lights of the nation shine upon her section.—Even her own great men have turned her accusers. She is the victim of low ambition—an ambition which prefers self to country, personal aggrandizement to the high cause of human liberty. She is offered up a sacrifice to propitiate Southern tyranny—to conciliate Southern treason.

We are told that she has not done her duty in restoring fugitive slaves, and that more stringent laws must be passed to secure that object. A distinguished Senator from Kentucky [Mr. CLAY] says it is the duty, not only of officers in the free States, but of all the people who happen to be present, to give active aid to the slave-owner to run down, arrest, and restore the man who is fleeing from Slavery. An equally distinguished Senator from Massachusetts [Mr. WEBSTER] unites with him in denouncing the aggressions of the North in this particular; and they both declare their determination to vote for the bill, with its amendments, now on file, and which has become a part of the "Compromise."

It may be well to look a little at the law as it now stands on the subject, and then at the one which has enlisted such powerful support. By the Constitution alone, without any legislation, the slaveholder may go into a free State, take with him such force as he pleases, and take his slave and carry him back. If the fact of his Slavery is disputed either by the alleged slave or any one for him, the claimant may issue his writ *de homine repligiando*, and unless the defendant gives ample bail for his forthcoming on the final issue, and for the payment of all costs and damages, (which include the value of his services in the mean time,) the plaintiff may take him into his possession, and retain him until final trial by a court and jury. Is not this sufficient? It is all the right which he would have if he claims property which he might allege had strayed over the line. Why should he have any greater right when he claims property in man? Is a man of so much less value than a horse, that he should be deprived of the ordinary protection of the law? Sir, in my judgment, the remedy ought to be left where the Constitution places it, without any legislation; that the odious law of 1793 ought to be repealed.

By that law, the slaveholder may not only seize his slave and drag him back, but he may command the aid of all the officers of the United States Court; take his alleged slave before the judge, and after summary examination, without trial by jury, may obtain a certificate of property; which, for the purpose of removal, is conclusive of his Slavery, takes away the writ of *habeas corpus*, and the right of trial by jury, and sends the victim to hopeless bondage. If an inhabitant of a free State sees a wretched fugitive, who he learns is fleeing from bondage, and gives him a meal of victuals to keep him from starving, and allows him to sleep in his outhouse, although his master is not in pursuit of him, he is liable to the penalty of five hundred dollars. A judge in Pennsylvania lately held that a worthy citizen of Indiana couty incurred such penalty by giving a cup of water and a crust of bread to a famishing man whom he knew to be fleeing from bondage. A slave family escaped from Maryland; went into Cumberland county Pa. and obtained the reluctant consent of a worthy farmer to sleep in his hay-loft. Their owner did not pursue them for a week afterwards. It was held by a State court that the farmer was liable for the full value of the slaves, besides the $500 penalty, and a jury returned a verdict for $2,000 and costs. Such are some of the provisions of the law of 1793 now in force, which these great expounders of constitutional freedom hold to be too mild! And more stringent laws are to be passed to punish Northern men who have a heart!

The law which they propose to support doubles all these penalties. But that is not its most obnoxious feature. It expressly recognises Slavery in the Territories.

In section 1 it provides, "That when a person held to service or labor in any *State or Territory* shall escape into any other of said States or Territory," &c.

We have no Territories except New Mexico and California, both of which are free by their present laws.—This bill recognises slaves capable of fleeing from "Territories," and extends the fugitive laws to them.—This settles the Wilmot Proviso most effectually, and seems to render it necessary somewhat to strengthen and reenact the will of God."

It provides that the claimant may arrest such alleged fugitive, "and take him or her before any judge of the Circuit or District Court of the United States, or before any marshal, commissioner, or clerk of such court, or any postmaster of the United States, or collector of the customs residing or *being* within such State where such seizure or arrest shall be made; and upon proof to the satisfaction of such judge, commissioner, clerk, marshal, postmaster, or collector, as the case may be, either by oral testimony or *affidavit taken before and certified by any person authorized to administer an oath*, that the person so seized owes service or labor, &c. it shall be the duty of such judge, marshall, postmaster, &c, to give a certificate to such claimant, his or her agent or attorney, which shall be sufficient warrant for remoying such fugitive to the State or *Territory* from which he or she may have fled."

An amendment proposed by the Committee of Thirteen provides, that the claimant may make up a record before a court in his own State, without notice to the alleged fugitive, proving his Slavery and absconding; and on producing this before the High Court of Tide Waiters or Postmasters, it shall be taken to be conclusive evidence of the facts; and on the production of which, those officers are *required* to give the certificate of Slavery. These are most extraordinary tribunals. These are awful trials. Clerks of courts, marshals, collectors, and township postmasters, are transformed into high justiciaries, whose signature to a prepared certificate is to be conclusive of the liberty of human beings! They are the sole judges of the law and the evidence; and from their judgment there is no appeal. The *habeas corpus* is annulled; the trial by jury denied. The evidence, which they are bound to hold conclusive, may be made up *ex parte*, by affidavit or record, a thousand miles from the party whose safety is involved in it. If on his arrest, he should be able to prove that he was born free, and had resided in a free State all his life, he is not permitted to do it. These *ex parte* records close his mouth, and stop up judicial ears. These learned judges—these tide waiters and country postmasters, who make no pretensions to legal knowledge, are compelled, not to judge, but to decide without judging, that the affidavit of a distant soul-dealer is evidence of Slavery, which cannot be gainsaid. The slave-hunter may bring his postmaster-judge, as well as his proof, with him; for the law gives jurisdiction not only to one residing but *being* in the State where the arrest is made. Behold this court and jury to pass on human liberty!—an overseer, with a power of attorney; the affidavit of a professional slave-trader; an itinerant postmaster from Virginia signing judgment in a barroom; the defendant, a hand-cuffed negro, without counsel, witness, or judge. Verily, a second Daniel has come to judgement.

A decree thus obtained, without a jury to pass on the facts, is to conclude the rights of man, and silence the law.

The distinguished Senator from Kentucky [Mr. Clay] wishes further to make it the duty of all by-standers to aid in the capture of fugitives; to join the chase and run down the prey. This is asking more than my constituents will ever grant. They will strictly abide by the Constitution. The slaveholder may pursue his slave among them with his own foreign myrmidons, unmolested, except by their frowning scorn. But no law that tyranny can pass will ever induce them to join the hue and cry after the trembling wretch who has escaped from unjust bondage. Their fair land, made by nature and their own honest toil as fertile and as lovely as the vale of Tampe, shall never become the hunting-ground on which the bloodhounds of Slavery shall course their prey, and command them to join the hunt.

Sir, this tribunal would be more odious than the Star Chamber—these officers more hateful than the Familiars of the Inquisition.

Can the free North stand this? Can New England stand it? Can Massachusetts stand it? If she can, she has but one step further to take in degredation, and that is to deliver her own sons in chains to Southern masters! What would the bold Barons of Runnymede have said to such defenders of Liberty? What would the advocates of English freedom, at any time, have said to those who would strike down the writ of *habeas corpus* and the right of trial by jury, those vital principles of *Magna Charta* and the Bill of Rights? They would have driven them from their ranks as enemies in disguise.

Sir, I am aware of the temerity of these remarks. I know how little effect they will have, coming from so obscure a quarter, and being opposed by the mighty influences that create public opinion. I was struck with the sound sense of the remark made to-day by the gentleman from Tennessee [Mr. Gentry] He said that the "Compromise" bill was winning favor with the People, most of whom had never read it, merely because it is advocated by great names in whom they are accustomed to confide.

Late events have convinced me that it were better in republican, representative Governments, where the People are to judge and decide on every measure, if there were no great, overshadowing names, to give factitious force to their views, and lead the public mind captive. If the People were to put faith in no man's argument, they would examine every question for themselves, and decide according to their intrinsic merit. The errors of the small do but little harm; those of the Great are fatal. Had Lucifer been but a common angel, instead of the Chief of the morning stars, he had not taken with him to perdition the third of the heavenly hosts, and spread disunion and discord in celestial, and sin and misery in earthly places.

Sir, so long as man is vain and fallible; so long as great men have like passions with others and, as in republics, are surrounded with stronger temptations, it were better for themselves if their fame acquired no inordinate height, until the grave had precluded error. The errors of obscure men die with them, and cast no shame on their posterity. How different with the Great!

How much better had it been for Lord Bacon, that greatest of human intellects, had he never, during his life, acquired glory, and risen to high honors in the State, than to be degraded from them by the judgment of his peers. How much better for him and his, had he lived and died unknown, than to be branded through all future time as the

"Wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind?"

So now, in this crisis of the fate of liberty, if any of the renowned men of this nation should betray her cause, it were better that they had been unknown to fame.—It need not be hoped that the brightness of their past glory will dazzle the eyes of posterity, or illume the pages of impartial history. A few of its rays may still linger on a fading sky; but they will soon be whelmed in the blackness of darkness. For unless progressive civilization, and the increasing love of freedom throughout the Christian and civilized world, are fallacious, the SUN of LIBERTY, of *universal* liberty, is already above the horrizon, and fast coursing to his meridian splendor, when no advocate of Slavery, no apologist of Slavery, can look upon his face and live.

NOTE—Since this speech was delivered, I have read a very able work by Rev. Moses Stuart, lately theological professor at Andover. He speaks of the "*blessings and comforts*" of Slavery. He says, "Christ doubtless felt that Slavery might be made *a very tolerable condition—nay, even a blessing to such as were shiftless and helpless.*"—Page 46. This is flattering to the poor!—His work is able, and contains a very glowing eulogy on the Hon. Daniel Webster, and rather a faint one on the Bible. His object seems to be to prove from Scripture the lawful and just; and the unlawful and unjust character of Slavery. He proves that as soon as Moses and his people had got out of bondage, they turned kidnappers. The first hundred pages of the book prove, by numerous Scriptural texts, that Slavery being instituted by God in old times, and sanctioned by Paul and the Apostles, is not sinful—not *malum in se*, and he lectures the North, and exhorts them to forbearance towards their Southern bretheren, many of whom he knows to be true Christians, as he once visited Charleston, and was treated with great kindness, respect, and hospitality.

After having fully proved the divine nature of Slavery, and the unchristian character of those who revile Mr. Webster and the South, and send *him* anonymous letters, he takes a look at the other side, and addresses himself to slaveholders; and with great clearness and ability, (though in a short space,) demonstrates from the New Testament that Slavery is a most sinful and wicked institution, *malum in se*, and opposed to the fundamental law of God!" He clearly proves, not only from Scripture, but *aliunde*, that "all men are of one blood," and equal. Page 103, he says of Slavery, "It is a glaring contradiction of the first and fundamental principle, not only of the Bible, which declares that all men are of one blood, but of our Declarantion of Independence, which avers that all men are born with an *inherent inalienable* right to life, *liberty, and property*. The South have universally subscribed to this, as well as the North."

Same page—"And if all this be true, then for one part of mankind to enslave another, stands on the single ground of *might prevailing over right*—neither the law of love, nor doing as we would be done by, permits any man to act on such ground and *be guiltless before God*" (*Malum in se.*)

He speaks of the immoral tendency of Slavery; declares it to be a virtual state of concubinage, which is encouraged for the sake of increasing slave property. He proceeds to illustrate this from what he saw in the South, the mixed colors &c. Says it pervades *married* as well as single life; and, turning sharp upon his Southern friends, exclaims "Retribution begins here in this life; but, O! what will it be in the life to come?" "*Whoremongers and adulterers, God will judge*"—Heb xiii, 4.

Fie! friend Struart! "SPEAK EVIL OF NO MAN," as you say to northern Abolitionists. How impartial! Verily, *this* Moses is a fair man.

* I do not find that this law is repealed. But it is most probably not often executed, since, as shown by the Hon. Mr. Meade, Virginia has become a *breeding* State.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1850.

FUGITIVE SLAVE CONVENTION.

We gave last week a short account of the organization and proceedings of the the Fugitive Slave Convention, held at Cazenovia on the 21st and 22d ult. We give now more fully the Address to the fugitives, (a telegraphic summary only of which was given last week), together with the Resolutions adopted by the Convention.—The other Address, that to the "Liberty Party," was wholly occupied in recommending Gen. Chaplin to the Nominating Convention of this party, soon to be held at Oswego, as a candidate for the Presidency.

Afflicted and Beloved Brethren:

The meeting, which sends you this letter, is a meeting of runaway slaves. We thought it well that they, who had once suffered, as you still suffer, that they, who had once drank of that bitterest of all bitter cups, which you are still compelled to drink of, should come together for the purpose of making a communication to you.

The chief object of this meeting is, to tell you what circumstances we find ourselves in—that, so, you may be able to judge for yourselves, whether the prize we have obtained is worth the peril of the attempt to obtain it.

The heartless pirates, who compelled us to call them "master," sought to persuade us, as such pirates seek to persuade you, that the condition of those, who escape from their clutches, is thereby made worse, instead of better. We confess that we had our fears that this might be so. Indeed, so great was our ignorance that we could not be sure that the Abolitionists were not the fiends which our masters represented them to be. When they told us that the Abolitionists, could they lay hands upon us, would buy and sell us, we could not certainly know that they spoke falsely; and when they told us that Abolitionists are in the habit of skinning the black man for leather, and of regaling their cannibalism on his flesh, even such enormities seemed to us to be possible. But owing to the happy change in our circumstances, we are not as ignorant and credulous now as we once were; and if we did not know it before, we know it now, that slaveholders are as great liars as they are great tyrants.

The Abolitionists act the part of friends and brothers to us; and our only complaint against them is that there is so few of them. The Abolitionists, on whom it is safe to rely, are, almost all of them, members of the American Anti-Slavery Society, or of the Liberty Party. There are other Abolitionists: but most of them are grossly inconsistent; and, hence, not entirely trustworthy Abolitionists. So inconsistent are they as to vote for Anti-Abolitionists for civil rulers, and to acknowledge the obligations of laws, which they themselves interpret to be pro-slavery.

We get wages for our labor. We have schools for our children. We have opportunities to hear and to learn to read the Bible—that blessed book, which is all for freedom, notwithstanding the lying slaveholders say it is all for Slavery. Some of us take part in the election of civil rulers. Indeed, but for the priests and politicians, the influence of most of whom is against us, our condition would be every way eligible. The priests and churches of the North are, with comparatively few exceptions, in league with the priests and churches of the South; and this, of itself, is sufficient to account for the fact, that a caste-religion and a negro pew are found at the North as well as at the South. The politicians and political parties of the North are connected with the politicians and political parties of the South; and hence, the political arrangements and interests of the North, as well as its ecclesiastical arrangements and interests, are adverse to the colored population.—But, we rejoice to know, that all this political and ecclesiastical power is on the wane. The spuriousness of American religion and American democracy has become glaring; and, every year, multitudes, once deluded by them, come to repudiate them. The credit of this repudiation is due, in a great measure, to the American Anti-Slavery Society, to the Liberty Party, and to Anti-Sectarian meetings and conventions. The purest sect on earth is the rival of, instead of one with, Christianity. It deserves not to be trusted with a deep and honest and earnest reform. The temptations, which beset the pathway of such a reform, are too mighty for it to resist. Instead of going forward for God, it will slant off for itself. Heaven grant, that, soon, not a shred of Sectarianism, nor a shred of the current religion, nor a shred of the current politics of this land, may remain. Then will follow, ay, that will itself be, the triumph of Christianity: and, then, white men will love black men, and gladly acknowledge that all men have equal rights. Come, blessed day—come quickly.

Including our children, we number in Canada, at least, twenty thousand. The total of our population in the free States far exceeds this. Nevertheless, as we are poor, we can do but little more to propote your deliverance than to pray for it to the God of the oppressed. We will do what we can to supply you with pocket compasses. In dark nights, when his good guiding star is hidden from the flying slave, a pocket compass greatly facilitates his exodus. Besides, that we are too poor to furnish you with deadly weapons, candor requires the admission, that some of us would not furnish them, if we could; for some of us have become non-resistants, and have discarded the use of these weapons: and would say to you—"love your enemies; do good to them, which hate you; bless them that curse you; and pray for them, which despitefully use you." Such of us would be glad to be able to say; that all the colored people of the North are non-resistants But, in point of fact, it is only a handful of them who are. When the insurrection of the Southern slaves shall take place, as take place it

Resolved, therefore, that William L. Chaplin, and they who occupied the carriage with him, the evening of the 8th instant, were a company of innocent freemen; and that they who stopped it were guilty of the insolence and violence of highwaymen, and should be, and, if this were a land of law and justice, *would be*, promptly punished as highwaymen.

7th. *Resolved*, That there is not in the Congress of the United States one liberty-loving and law-loving man who can consent that its present session shall close until Drayton, Sayre, Harris and Chaplin have been released from prison, and Slavery expelled from the District of Columbia.

8th. *Resolved*, That Slavery in the District of Columbia is a fearful precedent, which cannot be too speedily overthrown; for, if Congress can make slaves of some persons there, it can make slaves of all persons there; and the like power can it exercise wherever, in any State, there are National "forts, magazines, arsenals, dock-yards, and other needful buildings," and upon whatever persons may visit them, or enter a Post Office, or a Custom House, or a Federal Court House.

9th. *Resolved*, That, whether there is or is not Constitutional Slavery in the States, the Federal Government should see to it, that all the slaves, and the posterity of all the female slaves who have ever been, though but for a moment, and though with or without the consent of their masters, within the limits of the District of Columbia, be immediately restored to liberty: for it is too plain to require argument that whoever, whether slaves or freemen, be the fugitives from service and labor, referred to in the Constitution, they are fugitives from one State *into another State*.

10th. *Resolved*, That, much as the Free Soil Party has said of its purpose "to divorce the Federal Government from the support of Slavery," it is now, and has long been, abundantly demonstrated, that this purpose cannot be accomplished without either disbanding that Government or wielding it for the overthrow of Slavery in every part of the Nation.

11th. *Resolved*, That he dishonors both Republicanism and Christianity who acknowledges any law of Slavery, or who acknowledges that such an abomination as Slavery is capable of legalization.

12th. *Resolved*, That slaveholders are the cruellest and meanest of all pirates; and that, instead of being fit to be civil rulers, no Government is just, which does not make them the subjects of its severest punishment.

13th. *Resolved*, That, in the arrest and imprisonment of William L. Chaplin, for no offence but that of loving his neighbor as himself, and of practically maintaining the confessedly self-evident and inalienable right of man to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," we see not only that the Federal District, which was placed by the Constitution under the "exclusive" control of Congress, is completely in the hands of the slave power, but we see another illustration of the truth, that the struggle in this country between Slavery and Freedom involves the liberties of the free white citizen, as well as of the colored slave—that it is, in short, a life and death struggle, which must result in liberty to all, or in the liability of Slavery to all.

14th. *Resolved*, That, instead of going down into a Free Soil party, or any other sham abolition praty, or of identifying themselves with any scheme whatever of "Anti-Slavery made easy," abolitionists are summoned by the thickening of the Anti-Slavery battle, and the multiplying trials of their Anti-Slavery integrity—by the voice of Torrey from his grave and of Chaplin from his prison—to put forth more and more emphatic and self-denying evidences of the sincerity and depth of their sense of the immeasurable and horrid wickedness of Slavery.

15th. *Resolved*, That among the evidences of our devotion to the cause of the slave should be,

1st. No connection with, and no worshipping with, a church which has a negro-pew, or which is associated, directly or indirectly, closely or remotely, with churches, North or South, that have it.

2d. No voting for any man, for any civil office, who makes complexion a bar to either social or political equality; or who will admit that there is the least obligation to obey, or honor, any form or pretence of law, or any judicial decision, which is on the side of Slavery.

3d. No consuming, unless in cases of absolute necessity, any of the products of slave labor—any of the cotton, rice, sugar, which are wet with the tears and sweat, and read with the blood, and heavy with the groans, of the poor, weary and desolate victims of the slave power.

16th. *Resolved*, That, in the names of God and Humanity, Religion and the Constitution, we demand the liberation, not only of Drayton and Sayre, and Harris and Chaplin, but of the slaves of the District of Columbia; and that, in these names do we, also, demand that the American people shall regard the refusal to liberate these victims of the slave power as just cause for Revolution.

17th. *Resolved*, That we call on every man in the Free States, who shall go to the polls, at the approaching Elections, to go with this motto burning in his heart and bursting from his lips: "CHAPLIN'S RELEASE, OR CIVIL REVOLUTION."

ATTEMPT TO KIDNAP A COLORED WOMAN.—Julia Blunt, a colored servant at Riley's Hotel, in West Broadway, yesterday afternoon appeared before Justice Lothrop, and made affidavit, in which she states that a man representing himself to be an officer came to Riley's Hotel, on Thursday afternoon, and stated that he had a warrant for her arrest, on a charge of larceny committed in Brooklyn. She accordingly went with him to the Tombs, where she was kept in a private room a short time, when he told her she must go with him to her home, No. 136 Christie st., when he intended searching her trunk. A carriage was then procured, and she was placed in it, accompanied by the pretended officer and another person, and all were driven to the South Ferry, which they crossed, and the carriage proceeded to Red Hook Point, where the three alighted, and a skiff in readiness to take them on board a vessel that was ready to sail. The woman positively refused to go on board, and her protestations were overheard by some persons near the beach, who interfered and rescued her. She was then brought to the city. Her story is substantiated by the driver of the carriage. She was also seen at the Tombs, as she states. She minutely describes the persons who carried her off, and alleges that she can identify them on sight. She states that she is a native of Massachusetts, and has been in this city but two years. She is about 18 years of age. It is to be hoped that the rascals who perpetrated this outrage, will be arrested and meet with their deserts.

[*Tribune*, 30th.]

—We may state that several of the offenders in the case here referred to have been arrested, and a fair prospect exists that others interested will also be. We understand the girl has been since claimed as a slave by a person from North Carolina, and it is without doubt at his instigation that she was kidnapped. If this is so, it is to be hoped that this man may be made to suffer the penalty of the offence. Whatever *Constitutional* right! the slaveholder may have in the reclamation of his slave, he assuredly has not the right to seize, imprison, and carry away one of our own citizens without resorting to *any* process whatever. The girl is, we trust, safely beyond his reach. Meantime these scoundrels should be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Domestic Correspondence.

From Our Boston Correspondent.

NO. LXVI.

THE ARGUMENT.—*Boston maketh believe bury Gen. Taylor—The Correspondent glorifieth his country—Telleth of a Haitian traveller—Mourneth over his inferiority of race—American Amusements—The Day—The military—Cock's tails and "swallow-tails," Hosea Biglow and the Apostles—The Field officers and their horses—Who laughed in their sleeves—The Correspondent expoundeth Philosophy—The Block of Wood—The Catafalque—The Composite Liveries—The Pall Bearers—Labor-saving Invention—The Correspondent's desperate resolution and reward—The Firemen—Odd Fellow's "Sons," &c.—Colored "Sons"—One intelligent animal—Captain Lincoln's horse—His resolute self respect—He succeeds—The Correspondent praiseth him—Faneuil Hall—The Correspondent not there—His proper spirit—His strictures—The Christian Register choketh and weepeth—The Correspondent's opinions thereupon—Decorations of streets—Public Buildings and Shops—Of Private Houses—The Correspondent commendeth John H. Pearson—He rebuketh Mr. Webster for calling him a kidnapper—He telleth of what he cannot tell, &c., &c., &c.*

BOSTON, Aug. 29th, 1850.

I believe I promised in my last letter to give you some account of the gay time we had here a fortnight since in making believe bury General Taylor. Nobody doubts, I believe, our being a Great People. We have heard it so often that we can hardly help believing it, and it is quite likely that the men who assure us of it have said it so often that they almost believe it themselves. But we are a very Funny People, into the bargain. There was a young Haitian in this country a few years ago, who had been brought up in Paris and was a very well educated and accomplished young man. I am sorry to say, however, that he gave one indubitable proof of inferiority of race. In spite of the guarded politeness of his manners it was but too plain that he entertained the most profound and genuine contempt for the people of this great and enlightened nation. The insults he received at hotels and in public conveyances gave him no more concern, apparently, than we should feel at the barbarous inhospitalities of Hottentots or New Zealanders. But our amusements seemed to him the most diverting of all. "The Americans," said he, "work themselves to death to get money, and when they have got it, they don't know what to do with it, except to build ugly little white Meetinghouses all over the country!" Had he been here two weeks ago he would have found that the range of our diversions was not quite so limited as he had supposed, but that we could enjoy ourselves highly in playing at a Funeral.

But, after all, I do not find that the show has made much of an impression upon me, and I am afraid I shall not do it justice. The day was more inclined to weep than most of the mourners or spectators; but, still, it answered the purpose sufficiently well. There was a long array of make believe soldiers arrayed as, certainly, Solomon in all his glory never was. Cock's tails were at a premium. There was a glut of gold lace and galloons. Pantaloons decidedly ran to stripes and coats were mainly of the "swaller-tail" species, which Hosea Biglow had never heard of the apostles putting on. Field Officers sidled about on livery horses, showing in their war-worn countenances as earnest a desire to keep their seats as if they had been so many Congress-men. The City companies laughed in their sleeves at those from the country, and those from the country would have been fully justified in laughing in theirs at those of the city, while the regular Flying Artillery most unquestionably laughed at both, and a good proportion of the lookers-on laughed at all three. So you see we were all in the best of humors. These last fellows, however, it must be owned, looked as if they might be no laughing matter. The perfection of their drill and equipment was perfectly devilish. They seemed entirely ready to "give you hell," at the shortest notice. I cannot but think it a mistake for our citizen soldiers to allow the genuine article to be put along side of the Brum magene imitations.

Perhaps you would like to know the philosophy of all these military preparations, real and mock. Well, if you must know, it was to protect from all assaults of its enemies an oblong block of wood, covered with black velvet and powdered with silver stars, which did duty for the body of General Taylor, absent without leave! This extraordinary idol (could they have meant to insinuate that the defunct magistrate was king *Log?*) was carted through the streets on a hearse, called by a misnomer, as I apprehend, a Catafalque, adorned with any quantity of black velvet and silver lace, over-nodded by black plumes, drawn by twelve horses, each led by a groom in a composite livery, the cocked hat of the last age gracefully mingling with the pantaloons and brogans of the present. It was obviously improper that obsequies of such moment should be enacted without a suitable allowance of Pall Bearers. A proper number of eminent gentlemen was selected for this mournful duty. But, inasmuch as there was no Body, and also no Pall, and the Pall Bearers being most of them well-stricken in years, it was sensibly arranged that instead of their bearing the Pall they should be borne themselves. Accordingly, the Bill of the Play announced that immediately after the Block of Wood would follow

"THE PALL BEARERS, *in Carriages!!!*"

This is certainly, the latest Yankee labor-saving invention and is well worthy of being patented by the discoverer. When I saw it announced the day before, I vowed that I would see *that*, or perish in the attempt. The vision was vouchsafed me and I yet survive.

The Fire Companies were out in strong force, and as they are a body doing actual service of unquestionable utility, they made the most respectable part of the show. The Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance followed in tolerable numbers. Among the last I was sorry to see a Division (or whatever it is called,) of Colored men. The colored men, surely, should have no respect to show for a man, alive or dead, whose only claims to the office he held were Slaveholding and successful Fighting for slave-extension. But their being allowed to be there was at least a proof of what the Anti-Slavery Movement has done for that injured race. The other Societies were rather leanly represented. The Citizens were few or none and the Cavalcade looked shabby enough. I am happy, however, to state that there was at least *one* sensible animal among the *Dramatis Personæ*. And that was the horse of Captain Lincoln, who was killed at Buena Vista, which was cast in the part of Old Whitey. This intelligent brute, with a sagacity which did him the highest honor, flatly refused the part. He could n't stand such nonsense, "no how." He resisted and recalcitrated in the most spirited manner when it was attempted to force him to walk through the character. At last, he resolutely laid down the part and himself in the middle of the street and plainly intimated his inflexible resolution to die on the spot rather than make a fool of himself any longer. So they were obliged to release him and substitute a beast of less impracticable self-respect or of a less keen sense of the ridiculous. I think even Gulliver must have honored a Houyhnhm that had been so little corrupted by associating with the Yahoos.

Faneuil Hall was a monument of woe. The walls, windows and all, were hung with black, the inscriptions, &c. being in silver letters. The services were performed by gas light. I was not present myself, a proper resentment for the refusal of my liberal offer to write the Oration for the Eulogist, of course making it impossible for me to attend; but I should think that the heat of the room, when crowded, with no ventilation, must have given the mourners a lively notion of that place to which the departed hero was fond of devoting the enemies of his country. It would obviously be improper for me, under the circumstances, to make any strictures on the Eulogy, lest they should be imputed to vindictive feelings. But I will just say that I think General Taylor entitled to no particular credit for being "a Slaveholder and yet a friend to a Protective Tariff;" inasmuch as he could not have been a Slaveholder at all, of the particular description he elected to be, without one. It would be quite as reasonable, when Mr. Lawrence dies, to say "he was a Northern Manufacturer and yet a friend to a Protective Tariff;" indeed, more so, for Northern Manufacturers could live without Protection; but Louisiana Sugar-planting could not survive its loss a year. And when the General determined to "pay the price" (I quote from memory) for some fort in Florida, I should have thought better of his heroism if the price had been his own life, instead of those of the poor devils of common soldiers, with which he purchased it.

The day was very much like other holidays, as, of necessity, it must have been. There was, of course, no affectation, even, of personal sorrow for the President's death The people were not quite such fools as that. The Christian Register, indeed (the Unitarian Organ), says, "there were not many, we suspect, who, as they looked on, did not find their throats choke and their eyes unaware become dim." I must think, if they did, it was rather from the force of smoke and gun-powder than of sentiment. I saw no one with his finger in his eye from any other apparent motive. But there may have been some, if there were many of the reverend Editor's way of thinking. He says, "it would be a mournful thing if a *just* and *kind* and *good* man could die without making a profound impression on the popular mind!!!" and near a column more of the same sort of what would be twaddle were it not taken out of that category by its wickedness. JUST, KIND AND GOOD! A man who selected the most cruel form of American Slavery for the investment of his fortune—a form by which, the sugar planters themselves being witnesses, a negro is worked to death in seven years, and by the most cruel of processes! One who was himself a chespener of human beings in the New Orleans shambles! Whose "heroic achievements" consisted in hounding Indians out of their own country, and in cutting the throats of a people guilty only of owning lands which Slavary coveted, and of fighting in their own defence! This is the man whom the Organ of the Unitarians reveres as "*just, kind, good, magnanimous, true-hearted, upright* and *patriotic!*" Just God, is this the morality of men whom thou hast called to lead thy people in the way of life!

Some of the streets were decorated with various devices and emblems. Most of the hotels and public buildings, and a good many of the shops, in the line of the procession, were more or less put into mourning. Some private houses, also, wore the same badges. Among others, I was glad to see that of JOHN H. PEARSON most liberally adorned with "the trappings and the suits of woe." This, you will remember, is the patriotic merchant whom Mr. Webster, in his last speech, denounced as a kidnapper, merely because he caught a slave and sent him back to a *just, kind, good, magnanimous, true-hearted, upright and patriotic* master in New Orleans. For aught I know, it may have been General Taylor himself. I thought he was an appropriate mourner of such a loss. What could Mr. Webster have been thinking of when he made that speech? Could he have confounded him with his cousin Daniel H. Pearson, the poor fellow that was hanged last month. Some fanatics, to be sure, think his crime the greater of the two; but one would have thought that he was a man after Mr. Webster's own heart.

I have left myself no room to speak about our new Representative, nor about the Movement for making Mayor Bigelow Governor. But they must wait. To-morrow is the day appointed for the killing of Dr. Webster. If there is anything to tell which the newspapers do not give you, I will try and gather it up for you.—D. Y.

Foreign Correspondence.

From Our Dublin Correspondent.

DUBLIN, August 16th, 1850.

MY DEAR GAY: Since I wrote to you last we had the pleasure of a visit from Joseph Barker, and while he was in Ireland I accompanied him on a flying visit to the Lakes of Killarney and "the beautiful city called Cork." He was desirous, or, as he would himself say, "wishful," to see some of the more miserable districts of the island, and as the beautiful scenery of Killarney is in the midst of one of the poorest parts of God's earth, and is at the same time of all the remoter corners of Ireland the most attainable with the least expense of time and money, we went there. You leave Dublin by train at 10 A. M., reach Mallow, 140 miles, at 4 P. M., and then proceed by coach in about 5 hours, 42 English miles, to Killarney. The latter part of the journey is through a peculiarly Irish district, such as you may have often read of, for which "God has done so much and man so little." It is nearly all improveable land, but as little improved as possible. I am no farmer but I will venture an opinion that if the land were properly drained and cultivated it would produce quadruple what is now obtained from it. It is ragged, rugged, rushy, and weedy—and the people are as ragged and neglected as the soil. Every thing proclaims a most deplorable state of things socially and morally. I do not know its exact circumstances, but I have no doubt that a great portion of it belongs to embarrassed proprietors; that it is let and sub-let interminably; and that the wretched peasant maintains his miserable existence on the leavings of his half dozen masters. In the province of Connaught I have seen a great extent of country—which owed less to nature—more boggy, barren, mountainous and desolate—but I have no where seen any part of this poor island more palpably cursed by the mismanagement and folly of man. I don't know whether you have ever seen the sublime of rags. Here it is to be witnessed to no end. You might see plenty of men and women so clothed in shreds and tatters that you would wonder how they could ever hold them together. The degredation of the people is naturally productive of an infinity of lies and mendicancy; and the stranger's sympathy is inevitably chilled when he becomes aware that the appearance and the stories of the petitioner are a very imperfect index of his real condition as compared with his more industrious and less servile neighbour. The fact is it is unfair to judge of people so unfortunately circumstanced as are a great portion of the Irish in their own country. The best wish you can have for them is that they may be enabled to leave it as soon as possible. Whilst the land belongs to a mere handful, who have no sympathy for the tillers of the soil, it is impossible that the millions can be otherwise than demoralized, phuperized, and oppressed, badly fed, badly taught, and altogether badly circumstanced. J. Barker was exceedingly struck with the wretchedness he witnessed, and having suffered in his early days the extreme of poverty and destitution in his Yorkshire home, owing to the depression of trade that followed the close of the long war with France, it is no wonder his sympathies were powerfully excited—and I shall be surprised if we do not see some strong writing in consequence. Rose-water people find great fault with strong writing, not so with those who fully appreciate the exceeding sinfulness of any form of sin—whether intemperance, slavery, war, or aristocratic oppression. Words cannot describe the evils resulting from any of these, and the stronger the language the more likely it is to be efficient. The more we enter into sympathy with our suffering fellow creatures, the less dainty we shall be about the words that are used to arouse to effort on their behalf.

I don't know whether I ever happened to give you any particulars respecting the Dublin Statistical Society, established about 3 years ago for the study and pursuit of statistical and economical science. The founder is Dr. Wm. Nelson Hancock, Professor of Political Economy in Trinity College, Dublin, and in the newly-established Queen's College, Belfast. It has Archbishop Whatley for its President; Lord Rosse and Sir Robert Kane, the eminent chemist, are among its vice presidents; and its members include many of the most eminent men in Ireland, barristers, merchants, and persons engaged in trade. It has published a number of valuable papers, the best of which are those of Professor Hancock, in which he aims, in my opinion with great success, to show that of all the remediable evils of Ireland, there are none so important as those bad laws which prevent the free trade in land, which deprives the cultivator of the soil of all motive to energy and industry, and sacrifice the millions to the fancied benefit of the few. Professor Hancock has compressed the substance of these papers into a compact shilling volume entitled "Impediments to the Prosperity of Ireland," which has been published by Simms & MacEntire of Belfast. It is well worth the consideration of those who are desirous to investigate the best means of ruining a country and degrading and oppressing its inhabitants. Most of these laws are in full operation at the present hour. Lord John Russell our present premier, lately declared that the Government have devoted great attention with a view to improve and modify them, but it was found extremely difficult to do so without a dangerous interference with the "rights of property." The truth I beleive to be, that the only way to deal with these laws would be to cut them down root and branch; but so powerful is the aristocratic interest, that such a step is not to be thought of by Lord John, who is much more devoted to the maintenance of the aristocracy than to the good of the people; at least this is his reputation. He lately attempted, in reply to a speech of John Bright's, to make it appear that the aristocracy, being recruited from the ranks of the people, have the same interests with them. He omitted to mention that those who are adopted into a class favored with exclusive privileges become quickly imbued with all their selfishness, and are actuated by a desire for the elevation and preservation of their clique rather than by a regard for the community to which they heretofore belonged. As an example of the way in which things are managed with a view to aristocratic ascendancy, a pension of £12,000 per annum has just been granted to the young Duke of Cambridge and £3.000 per annum to his sister; whilst the widow of Lieutenant Waghern, the Pioneer of the Overland Route to India, one of the ablest, bravest, and most devoted and useful public servants England ever, was put off with a pension of £25 a year—although her husband died in harness and incurred debts which left her penniless, through his devotion to the welfare of England, and in consequence of his reliance on the faith of members of the very Government who have treated this poor woman so shabbily. Judging by his real merits, Lieutenant Waghern is more deserving of a public statue and his widow of a princely pension than a great majority who have been honored or supported by the one or the other.

The Saints by a parliamentary trick assisted by the weakness of the Government who feared them, obtained the closing of the Post-office on Sunday throughout the 3 Kingdoms for some weeks past. This step has proved, however, so exceedingly unpopular, in consequence of the vast inconvenience and discomfort to which it gives rise, that the Saints are at a discount and their "bitter observance of the Sabbath" has been abandoned as impracticable. I am glad they have had their way for a while, for it shows how extremely exacting and tyrannical is their rule—like that of all religious zealots would be, if they unhappily had the opportunity.

The Thermometer has stood at 70 deg. in the shade for some days past, and we are all complaining of being smothered and melted. I don't know how you in New York hold together, to say nothing of the German travellers now on their way to the heart of Africa, who write from Mourzuk that they felt it quite cool and comfortable to enter a tent where the heat was 109 deg. from the open air at 113 deg. It is well for the cause of science and discovery that some brave fellows in their zeal for knowledge can dare a temperature that would shrivel a salamander.

J. Barker thought the horse-flies in Killarney quite as venomous as the American mosquitoes. But he sees everything American on the favorable side except Slavery, whiskey and tobacco. He is resolved to emigrate in the ensuing spring. As he is well instructed in the bearings of your great cause, he feels pretty confident that he will be true to the object you have in view. Considering the front he has shown here to religious and political despots I think he is hardly likely to succumb to the contemptible slaveocracy or their miserable abettors.

Yours ever truly,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

General Intelligence.

The Execution of Professor John W. Webster.

THE closing scene in the case of this unfortunate man has taken place. And now that all is over, a few days or months at least, elapsed, and Prof. Webster, with all the afflicting circumstances connected with his case will have been forgotten to the public. The law (of man at least,) has been vindicated, and the death of Dr. Parkman has been atoned for by that of Prof. Webster. The execution took place by appointment on Friday, the 30th ult. in the Leverett-st. Jail yard, exposed to the gaze of a vast concourse of men, women, and children! who had availed themselves of the windows and house-tops of the surrounding buildings. Many of the scenes during the execution were truly sickening. The moral lessons that should be drawn from such scenes and the cause which produces them are many. It is not our duty here, however, to point them out.

Mr. Webster was a graduate of Harvard University, and the Boston papers state that it was just one hundred and fifty-eight years ago to a day, when the Rev. Geo. Burroughs, another graduate of the same institution, was hung at Salem. His, however, was not a criminal offence. He was arrested on a charge of witchcraft, having, as it was alleged, "by wicked acts, tortured, afflicted, pined, consumed, wasted and tormented one Mary Wolcott," upon conviction of which he was hung. While on the scaffold he made a most eloquent prayer, which drew the remark from the celebrated Cotton Mather, who was present, that "no man could have made such a prayer unless the Devil helped him." Whether the execution of Prof. Webster will ever be looked upon as an act as unnecessary and barbarous as that of the Rev. Mr. Burroughs is looked upon now, is a question which time will duly determine.

A correspondent of *The Tribune* gives the following detailed description of the whole proceedings connected with Webster's execution:

BOSTON, Friday, August 30.

Professor Webster has this morning paid the last debt of nature, and the law is now satisfied. Yesterday afternoon his amiable wife and three intelligent daughters visited him in his cell. They were with him the usual time, from two until about half-past six o'clock. They appeared the same as usual. Singular as it may appear, we were assured by the officers of the prison that they parted with that husband and father, ignorant of the fact that they would never see him again alive! We saw them as they passed out of the prison, and we are as fully satisfied that such was the case, as we are of anything within the compass of human judgment. Immediately after they left, a guard was placed in his cell, and continued with him until this morning.

Professor Webster was notified some days since by Dr. Putnam that it was customary in such cases to place a guard over the prisoner the night before execution. He made no objection, but asked as a favor, if they did so that he might have the privilege of selecting Mr. J. C. Leighton, clerk of the Jail, and Constable Edward J. Jones, the officer who had charge of him during his trial. This request was granted, and last night, immediately after his family parted with him in his cell, the above named officers entered upon the duty named, and remained with him until morning. He was perfectly free in conversation, confining himself wholly to moral and religious subjects. He read the Bible and other books with a great degree of earnestness and sincerity. He conversed and read until 12 o'clock, when he laid down upon his cot, spread upon an iron bedstead, and slept until half-past four this morning, apparently as sound and restful as under ordinary circumstances. He assured Mr. Leighton that his family parted with him last evening at half-past six, *entirely ignorant that he was so soon to suffer death.* He frequently spoke of his family and seemed to be quite happy to know that they were all religiously inclined. He briefly spoke of his execution and repeated the passages of Scripture, "If it be possible let this cup pass from me, yet, not my will but Thine, O Lord, be done."

On arousing from his slumbers, he engaged in devotional exercises by prayer and reading of the Scriptures. He was as calm as the sunny and almost breezeless morning.

As early as half-past five, Mr. Luther Dunbar, with a posse of some six or eight men, began the work of erecting the scaffold. It was located between the two prisons, near the centre of the yard. It was the same instrument upon which Washington Goode the colored man was executed in May, 1849. It was then new, and consists of a platform of about fifteen feet square, raised a little higher than one's head, and a single beam over it as much higher. In the centre of the platform was trap door, surrounded with a raised joist frame. A rope was run through two holes in the beam and fastened on the post, The noose was suspended over the trap, which was so adjusted that the executioner might let it fall by simply placing his foot upon a spring fixed in the floor immediately in front of the victim. At three-quarters past seven o'clock the machine of death was fully completed, and in that direction the deathly notes of preparation ceased.

The scenes around the jail, upon the tops of private dwellings were most revolting. From the windows and tops of about thirty houses on Lowell, Causeway and Leverett sts. the horrid spectacle was witnessed by men, women and children.

On the top of house No. 3 Lowell-st. planks were arranged to accommodate about 100 persons. The windows of all the other houses north, except Mr. Andrews, the jailer, Mr. Lovejoy's and two others, were filled principally with women.

The following is from the *Bee Extra*:—"We noticed that the top of Mr. Noah Wyeth's house, 51 Leverett st. was lined by men and some few women. We passed round to the front door, and found it guarded by a police officer. One man said, 'I will give a dollar to go up, if I can see the execution.' The officer opened his blind door, and let him pass in. From his appearance, we should judge the man who so foolishly parted with his money (for we heard it demanded of him) was from the country. To be more certain that Mr. Wyeth was speculating on views of man-killing, we stepped inside the door and asked him what he would charge us to go on top of his house and see the execution. He came toward us with his hand full of bank bills, and said 'One dollar, Sir!' We stepped back and made this record, which is only a part of the proceedings."

We learn that one of the houses closed was broken into by the mob, so great was the anxiety to view the slaughter. They did great damage to the furniture. While in the house it was surrounded with a posse of police, who denied any of the party the privilege of coming out. How the matter will end we cannot say. The witnesses and officers began to gather about 7 o'clock and continued to collect till about 9.

There were 125 spectators admitted to the jail yard by passes from the Sheriff, beside the officers in attendance.

The whole number of constables and police on duty was 125; 25 constables, and 26 police officers were stationed at several points on the inside, and 75 were on the ground outside the prison.

Rev. Dr. Putnam arrived at the jail about 7 1-2 o'clock, and immediately proceeded to the prisoner's cell, where devotional exercises were held.

Dr. Webster was in the further corner cell on the right, on the lower floor of the south-eastern building.

At 9 1-2 o'clock Sheriff Eveleth summoned to the rear office of the jail those gentlemen who he had requested to be present as witnesses, and there read to them the order of what was to follow, together with the duties devolving upon his several Deputies.

Among the names of the witnesses were the following: B. F. Edmonds, Philip Greeley, I. H. Wright, Isaac Adams, J. Pitt Bradlee, Robert Cowdin, Peter T. Homer, Wm. Sahouler, Henry H. Hooper, Thomas Gill, John T. Heard, John Beals, William Barnicoat, J. T. Crocker, Joseph Smith, Osman Brewster, Benjamin Adams, B. Perley Poore, Newell A. Thompsom.

The Sheriff stated to the gentlemen present that they had assembled by invitation from him as lawful witnesses of the execution of John White Webster for the crime of murder, for which he had been convicted and sentenced. He detailed to them the order in which the proceedings would take place, and expressed his hope that the utmost quiet and good order be maintained, as consistent with the solemnity of the occasion. He hopeed that he should not hear any loud talking, not a voice during the progress of the proceedings.

From the Jail office, the Sheriff, supported by Deputies Rugg and Freeman, proceeded to the prisoner's cell, followed by the witnesses and other deputies, where an impressive and eloquent prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Putnam, he being the only officiating clergyman present. No other services were held. The prisoner, during prayer, was in his cell in a kneeling position.

After prayer we had an opportunity to see Professor Webster in his cell. We had not looked upon him since the day he was sentenced. He was greatly altered for the better. We never saw a more healthy looking man than he appeared to be. His countenance was much more pleasant than when he was upon his trial.

Shortly after, 20 minutes past 9 o'clock, High Sheriff Eveleth, attended by Deputies Coburn, Freeman and Rugg, Mr. Andrews, the Jailer, Mr. Holmes, the Turnkey, and the prisoner, accompanied by Dr. Putnam, came out and ascended the platform of the scaffold, the prisoner taking his position upon the drop.

Dr. Putnam immediately entered into earnest conversation with Prof. Webster, and continued to do so through the reading of the Governor's warrant by the Sheriff, and until Jailer Andrews stepped forward to pinion the legs of the prisoner, when the Doctor shook Rev. Mr. Putnam affectionately by the hand, bade him a final earthly farewell, expressing at the same time the hope that they should meet again in Heaven.

The prisoner was dressed in a black suit, apparently the same clothes that he wore during his trial.

Deputy Sheriffs Rugg and Freeman, adjusted the rope at just 25 minutes to ten o'clock.

Before the cap was drawn over his eyes he shook hands with jailer Andrews, Mr. Holmes, and last with the Sheriff and thanked them for their kind treatment to him.

Sheriff Eveleth then said.

"In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and in accordance with the Warrant of the Chief Executive, I now, before these witnesses, proceed to execute the sentence of the law upon John W. Webster, convicted at the March term of the Supreme Judicial Court, of the murder of Dr. George Parkman."

This said, the Sheriff placed his foot upon the fatal spring, and in an instant more the victim was launched into eternity. He gave several struggles and all was over.

After remaining some thirty minutes, Drs. Stedman and Clark pronounced the body lifeless, when it was lowered into a black coffin, and conveyed back into the same cell, where, in the full vigor of manhood, it had but a short period before trod. It will be delivered to the family this afternoon, and without much ceremony be buried at Mt. Auburn, in the family vault. Thus far we have no knowledge that there exists any other confession than the bare statement which he has repeatedly made, that the law of Capital Punishment was right, and that he was justly a subject of it.

MOB LAW AT THE SOUTH.—The following is from the *Augusta Chronicle and Standard* of August 27:

By the telegraph, and a slip from the office of the *Georgia Citizen*, published at Macon, under date of Saturday last, we learn that, in consequence of some offensive matter contained in a letter from Atlanta, under the signature of "Gabriel," in that paper of the 23d instant, a meeting of citizens was held on that day, which resolved to appoint a committee of fifteen to call on the editor and proprietor, Dr. L. U. W Andrews, and demand the author of the offensive letter, and to notify him that he should not issue another number of his paper in Macon.

The Committee waited on him to whom he gave the author's name, but says that he will determine hereafter as to the issue of his paper.

The matter complained of, says the editor, is contained in the following paragraph:

"ATLANTA, Aug. 21, 1850.—Among the numerous buildings that are now in process of erection in this city, is one in full view of, and scarcely a stone's throw from, the Atlanta Hotel, which is designed as a depot for the safe-keeping and sale of negroes. Two-thirds of our people who know the purpose for which it is intended are opposed to its completion, but as yet I have heard of no steps being taken to prevent it. On Sabbath last, however, the heavy rain with which we were visited washed away nearly one-third of the eastern wall—thus showing (to the minds of omen believers at least) that Providence disapproves the unhallowed purpose for which the building is designed. For my own part, I am free to say I should rejoice to see it razed to the ground as often as its owner rebuilds it."

From present appearances, having heard only one side of the question, this seems to us a most high-handed outrage upon the rights of a citizen and the freedom of the press.

Of the editor we know nothing; except through his paper, the conduct of which in many respects we have never approved; nevertheless, he is entitled to the protection of the laws.

The speakers at the meeting were J. A. Jones, of Paulding, Howard, of Crawford, and Bilbo, of Baker county.

The Augusta *Constitutionalist* has the following remarks on the same subject:

"THE GEORGIA CITIZEN.—It will be seen by a dispatch to the *Savannah Georgian*, that so indignant have the people of Macon become at the course pursued by the editor of that paper, that a meeting was held and a resolution passed requiring the editor to take himself off and his materials, in the space of ten days. The offensive articles were the remarks of the editor in his paper issued after the mass meeting was held, and a portion of a correspondent's letter from Atlanta under the signature of "Gabriel."

We have before us a private letter from Macon, dated August 25, which says:

"We have dealt very summarily with the *Georgia Citizen*, a paper published in this city, which savored too strongly of abolition. A public meeting was called and a committee appointed of the most respectable citizens to wait on the gentleman. They waited on him with one resolution which was passed by the meeting, viz: That Dr. Andrews be waited on and the name of the author of a certain letter from Atlanta be demanded, and that he be ordered to discontinue the publication of the *Georgia Citizen* in Macon. He has complied with both, so far. Hanleiter, of Atlanta, is the author; the paper is stopped, but it is said he will come out with a handbill There are other abolition prints in *this State* that merit and should receive the same treatment."

ANTI RENT STATE CONVENTION.—The friends of equal rights in Columbia county have named the 19th day of September, at Beardsley's Albany, between the days fixed by the Whigs and Locos for their Conventions, to the consideration of the Anti-Renters of the manorial counties for the purpose of nominating a State ticket to be supported at the ensuing election, to which the *Albany Freeholder* objects, and asks why is not the "Convention according to previous usage, sound reasoning and good policy placed after the Conventions of the other parties?" Both of the central organizations of Working men have called their Conventions to meet in the City Hall, Albany, on the 2d of October; and the next number of *Young America* will contain the call for a National Reform State Convention. The latter body will assemble under the auspices of the (National) Industrial Congress, and a union of the different industrial organizations is proposed, and thus include the United Workingmen's Ward organizations of this city, formed during the Industrial Reform movement now in progress. The working men are also using their influence with the old parties, and the article in the *Freeholder* about the Anti-Rent Convention thus concludes: "How can a selection from the candidates of both parties be made before they are nominated? If, however, this course shall seem best by the party, we shall cheerfully acquiesce."—*Tribune.*

ESCAPED.—A female slave attached to a family from Baltimore, Md., as a domestic, it appears, accompanied her employers on a recent visit to Newport, and while sojourning there found means to elude her employers and made her way to this city. Her master, upon learning of her whereabouts, folllowed her to this place, and on Saturday afternoon met with her on Purchase street in the vicinity of the depot, and accosting her declared his intention of taking her with him. She immediately gave the alarm to some of her colored companions, and almost instantly, like the border men of Rhoderick Dhu, a crowd of them numbering probably more than one hundred had collected to her rescue, and, the matter thus ended. In the tumult the slave escaped, and has probably left the city.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

DEATHS.

GAY.—At Staten Island, on the 31st of August, of inflamation and intersusception of the bowels, Walter Otis, only child of S. H. and Elizabeth Gay, aged 2 years. The remains were removed to Hingham, Mass., for interment.

BARNES.—At Poughkeepsie, 29th ultimo, Dr. John Barnes, aged about 60. Dr. B. was one of the most eminent physicians of that place, whose death is much regretted by all who knew him.

BREWSTER.—In Manchester, 26th ultimo, Mr. Joseph Brewster, aged 91 years. Mr. B. was a revolutionary soldier, and a resident of Saratoga county.

BARTLETT.—On Thursday evening, Aug. 29 at Hamden, Conn., in her 22d year, Joanna H., daughter of Rev. Wm. H. Bangs, and wife of Rev. Charles Bartlett.

AVEZZANA.—In this city, on Sunday, the 1st instant, Mary, the wife of General Avezzana, from the effects of a fall.

INMAN.—In this city, on the 30th August, John Inman, aged 47. He was for many years editor of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, and was a brother of the eminent artist, Henry Inman.

THE SEVENTEENTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR,

To be held in Boston, commencing on Tuesday, the 19th of December, 1850.

IT is certainly unnecessary for the undersigned to enlarge upon the importance of this undertaking, the force and solemnity of the motives that have induced them to enter upon and continue it, or the encouraging success that has from year to year crowned the effort.

The patient labor of years has not been in vain. The strongholds of apathy and indifference, ever the most hopeless, have been stormed and carried. The mind of the whole country is aroused to its utmost activity, and He who makes the wrath of man praise Him, by the overruling of it to the carrying forward of His own gracious purposes, enables us to see, in the changing schemes and cowardly combinations of political parties, the hitherto undreamed of treason of eminent Northern statesmen, the increased confusion, violence, not to say madness, of the Southern slave-masters, those elements of human weakness and passion from which, when conflicting on so grand a scale as at present, evolve the great changes which are the way-marks of History.

Hardly could it occur to the most ignorant and thoughtless mind, that the abolition of American Slavery could take place

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

AN APPEAL

TO ALL TRUE AMERICAN FREEMEN.

By James Stillman.

SLAVERY and Freedom! hand in hand,
The midnight gloom, the noonday light,
The shame, the glory of our land,
Shall these fraternally unite?
Up, patriots, up from south to north,
From either oceans' kindred shore,
And peal your mighty fiat forth,
Man shall to man his rights restore.

The oppress'd of ages trembling wait,
The crush'd, the humble and the weak;
Full well they know your will is fate,
Justice it is alone they seek;
Forbidden speech, the mute appeal
Streams sadly down from tear-swell'd eyes,
Yet secret, lest the hopes they feel
The haughty master may surmise.

O shame! I blush the truth to own,
That this, the country of the free,
To giant power and empire grown,
Hath children robb'd of Liberty;
O, shame to manhood, foul disgrace,
Well may each crowned despot smile,
And envy stand the blot to trace,
And gaze, and wonder and revile.

O'er half our land the with'ring blight
Doth even now its influence shed,
Insatiate to o'errun it quite,
Were there no barriers to its spread:
Guard well the passes; freemen, guard;
Man, with undanted front, the wall;
The wily foe is pressing hard,
Waiting expectant for the fall.

It is no time for faltering now;
The mask's remor'd, the gage is thrown,
Disunion bares its brazen brow,
And dares intended treason own;
The Demon leaves his secret lair,
His former bounds and power disdain'd,
And seeks to rule and triumph where
His presence never yet profan'd.

Heaven bless our Union while it stands
Founded on principles of right,
While pure and holy are the bands
That do the various parts unite;
But may the links be broke in twain
Whene'er that Union shall be made
To rivet the poor bondman's chain,
And his humanity degrade.

Men, christians, patriots, will ye lend
Assistance to oppression's cause?
Your will to the slaveholder bend,
And by their bidding frame your laws;
Will ye be slaves? whose fathers bled
For all that makes existence dear;
Shall your true hearts be struck with dread
By boastful threat'nings, born of fear?

They dare not execute their threats;
The South full well its weakness knows,
Nor is it likely to forget
You guard its safety and repose:
'Tis but to utter your command,
And quickly would the bond be free,
And a redeem'd, rejoicing land
Resound with shouts of Liberty.

It needs no long protracted strife,
No years of fierce, intestine war,
No martyr'd warriors' precious life
To stain the wheels of Victory's car;
Heaven delegates to you its power,
Almighty strength to mortal dust;
Then, now in this appointed hour,
Show you are faithful to the trust.

Miscellany.

PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOME OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

WHILE living in the neighborhood of Chelsea, we determined to look upon the few broken walls that once inclosed the residence of Sir Thomas More, a man who, despite the bitterness inseparable from a persecuting age, was of most wonderful goodness as well as intellectual power. We first read over the memoirs of him preserved by Erasmus, Hoddenson, Roper, Aubrey, his own namesake, and others. It is pleasant to muse over the past; pleasant to know that much of malice and bigotry has departed, to return no more, that the prevalence of a spirit which could render even Sir Thomas More unjust and, to seeming, cruel, is passing away. Though we do implicitly believe there would be no lack of great hearts, and brave hearts, at the present day, if it were necessary to bring them to the test, still there have been few men like unto him. It is a pleasant and a profitable task, so to sift through past ages, so to separate the wheat from the chaff, to see when the feelings of party and prejudice sink to their proper insignificance, how the morally great stands forth in its own dignity, bright, glorious, and everlasting. St. Evremond sets forth the firmness and constancy of Petronius Arbiter in his last moments, and imagines he discovers in them a loftier nobility of mind and resolution than in the death of Seneca, Cato, or Socrates himself; but Addison says, and we cannot but think truly, 'that if he was so well pleased with gayety of humor, in a dying man, he might have found a much more noble instance of it in Sir Thomas More, who died upon a point of religion, and is respected as a martyr by the side of which he suffered.' What was pious philosophy in this extraordinary man, might seem frenzy in any one who does not resemble him as well in the cheerfulness of his temper as in the sanctity of his life and manners.

Oh, that some such man as he were to sit upon our woolsack now; what would the world think if, when the mighty oracle commanded the next cause to come on, the reply should be, *'Please, your good lordship, there is no other!'* Well might the smart epigrammatist write:

When MORE some time had chancellor been,
No MORE suits did remain;
The same shall never MORE be seen
Till MORE be there again.

We mused over the history of his time until we slept and dreamed: and first in our dream we saw a fair meadow, and it was sprinkled over with white daisies, and a bull was feeding therein; and as we looked upon him he grew fatter and fatter, and roared in the wantonness of power and strength, so that the earth trembled; and he plucked the branches off the trees, and trampled on the ancient inclosures of the meadow, and as he stormed, and bellowed, and destroyed, the daisies became human heads, and the creature flung them about, and warmed his hoofs in the hot blood that flowed from them; and we grew sick and sorry at heart, and thought, is there no one to slay the destroyer? And when we looked again, the Eighth Harry was alone in the meadow; and, while many heads were lying upon the grass, some kept perpetually bowing before him, while others sung his praises as wise, just, and merciful. Then we heard a trumpet ringing its scarlet music through the air, and we stood in the old tilt-yard at Whitehall, and the pompous Wolsey, the bloated king, the still living Holbein, the picturesque Surrey, the Aragonian Catherine, the gentle Jane, the butterfly Anne Bullen, the coarse-seeming but wise-thinking Ann of Cleves, the precise Catherine Howard, and the stout-hearted Catharine Parr, passed us so closely by, that we could have touched their garments; then a bowing troop of court gallants came on; others whose names and actions you may read of in history; and then the hero of our thoughts, Sir Thomas More — well dressed, for it was a time of pageants—was talking somewhat apart to his pale-faced friend Erasmus, while 'Son Roper,' as the chancellor loved to call his son-in-law, stood watchfully and respectfully a little on one side. Even if we had never seen the pictures Holbein painted of his first patrons, we should have known him by the bright benevolence of his aspect, the singular purity of his complexion, his penetrating yet gentle eyes, and the incomparable grandeur with which virtue and independence dignified even an indifferent figure. His smile was so catching that the most broken-hearted were won by it to forget their sorrows; and his voice, low and sweet though it was, was so distinct, that we heard it above all the coarse jest, loud music, and trumpet calls of the vain and idle crowd. And while we listened, we awoke; resolved next day to make our pilgrimage, perfectly satisfied at the outset, that though no fewer than four houses in Chelsea contend for the honor of his residence, Doctor King's arguments in favor of the site being the same as that of Beaufort House—upon the greater part of which now stands Beaufort row—are the most conclusive; those who are curious in the matter can go and see his manuscripts in the British Museum. Passing Beaufort-row, we proceeded straight on to the turn leading to the Chelsea *Clock-house*.

It is an old patched-up, ricketty dwelling containing, perhaps, but few of the original stones, yet interesting as being the lodge-entrance to the offices of Beaufort-House; remarkable, also, as the dwelling of a family of the name of Howard, who have occupied it for more than a hundred years, the first possessor being gardener to Sir Hans Sloane, into whose possession, after a lapse of years, and many changes, a portion of Sir Thomas More's property had passed. This Howard had skill in the distilling of herbs and perfumes, which his descendant carries on to this day. We lifted the heavy brass knocker, and were admitted into the 'old clock-house. The interior shows evident marks of extreme age, the flooring being ridgy and seamed, bearing their marks with a discontented creaking, like the secret murmurs of a faded beauty against her wrinkles! On the counter stood a few frost-bitten geraniums; and drawers, containing various roots and seeds, were ranged round the walls, while above them were placed good stout quart and pint bottles of distilled waters. The man would have it that the 'clock-house' was the 'real original' lodge-entrance to 'Beaufort House; and so we agreed it might have been, but not '*perhaps*,' built during Sir Thomas More's lifetime. To this insinuation he turned a deaf ear, assuring us that his family, having lived there so long, must know all about it, and that the brother of Sir Hans Sloane's gardiner had made the great clock in old Chelsea Church, as the church books could prove. 'You can, if you please,' he said, 'go under the archway at the side of this house, leading into the Moravian chapel and burying-ground, where the notice, that 'within are the Park-chapel Schools,' is put up.' And that is quite true; the Moravians now only use the chapel which was erected in their burying ground to perform an occasional funeral service in, and so the 'let it' to the infant school. The burying-ground is very pretty in the summer time. Its space occupies only a small portion of the chancellor's garden; part of its walls are very old, and the south one certainly belonged to Beaufort House. There have been some who trace out a Tudor arch and one or two Gothic windows as having been filled up with more modern masonwork: but that may be fancy. There seems no doubt that the Morovian chapel stands on the site of the old siables.

'Then,' we said, 'the clock-house could only have been at the entrance of the offices.' The man looked for a moment a little hurt at this observation, as derogatory to the dignity of his dwelling, but he smiled, and said, 'Perhaps so;' and very good-naturedly showed us the cemetery of this interesting people. Indeed, their original settlement in Chelsea is quite a romance. The chapel stands to the left of the burying-ground, which is entered by a primitive wicket-gate; it forms a square of thick grass, covered by broad gravel walks, kept with the greatest neatness. The tombstones are flat and the graves not raised above the level of the sward. They are of two sizes only: the larger for grown persons, the smaller for children. The inscriptions on the gravestones, in general, seldom record more than the names and ages of the persons interred. The men are buried in one division, the women in another.—We read one or two of the names, and they were quaint and strange: 'Anne Rypheria Hurloch; 'Anne Benigna Latrobe;' and one was especially interesting, James Gilray, forty years sexton to this simple cemetery, and father of Gilray, the H. B. of the past century. One thing pleased us mightily, the extreme old age to which the dwellers in this house seemed to have attained.

A line of ancient trees runs along the back of the narrow gardens of Milman's-row, which is parallel with, but further from town than Beaufort-row, and affords a grateful shade in the summer time. We resolved to walk quietly round, and then enter the chapel. How strange the changes of the world! The graves of a simple, peace-loving, unambitious people were lying around us, and yet it was the place which Erasmus describes as 'Sir Thomas More's estate, purchased at Chelsea,' and where 'he built him a house, neither mean nor subject to envy, yet magnificent and commodious enough.' How dearly he loved this place, and how much care he bestowed upon it, can be gathered from the various documents still extant. The bravery with which, soon after he was elected a burgess to parliament, he opposed a subsidy demanded by Henry the Seventh, with so much power that he won the parliament to his opinion, and incensed the king so greatly, that, out of revenge, he committed the young barrister's father to the Tower, and fined him in the fine of a hundred pounds! That bravery remained with him to the last, and with it was mingled the simplicity which so frequently and so beautifully blends with the intellectuality that seems to belong to a higher world than this. When he took to marrying, he fancied the second daughter of a Mr. Colt, a gentleman of Essex; yet when he considered the pain it must give the eldest to see her sister preferred before her, he gave up his first love, and framed his fancy to the elder. This lady died, after having brought him four children; but his second choice, Dame Alice, has always seemed to us a punishment and a sore trial. And yet how beautifully does Erasmus describe his mode of living in this very place: He converseth with his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grand-children. There is not a man living so affectionate to his children as he. He loveth his old wife as if she were a young maid; he persuadeth her to play on the lute, and so with the like gentleness he ordereth his family. Such is the excellence of his temper, that whatsoever happeneth that could not be helped, he loveth, as it nothing could have happened more happily. You would say there was in that place Plato's Academy; but I do his house an injury in comparing it to Plato's academy, where there were only disputations of numbers and geometrical figures, and sometimes of moral virtues. I should rather call his house a school or university of Christian religion, for, though there is none therein but readeth and studyeth the liberal sciences, their special care is piety and virtue.'

The king was used to visit his 'beloved chancellor' here for days together to admire his terrace overhanging the Thames, to row in his state barge, to ask opinions upon divers matters, and it is said that the royal answer to Luther was composed under the chancellor's revising eye. Still the penetrating vision of Sir Thomas was in no degree obscured by this glitter. One day the king came unexpectedly to Chelsea, and having dined, walked with Sir Thomas for the space of an hour, in the garden, having his arm about his neck. We pleased ourselves with the notion that they walked where then we stood! Well might such condescension cause his son Roper—for whom he entertained so warm an affection—to congratulate his father upon such condescension, and to remind him that he had never seen his majesty approach such familiarity with any one, save once, when he was seen to walk arm in arm with Cardinal Woolsey. 'I thank our Lord,' answered Sir Thomas,' 'I find his grace my very good lord, indeed; and I do beleive, he doth as singularly love me as any subject within the realm; however, son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head should win him a castle in France, it should not fail to go off.'

With the exception of his own family (and his wife formed an exception here,) there are few indeed of his contemporaries, notwithstanding the eulogisms they are prone to heap upon him, who understood the elevated and unworldly character of this extraordinary man.

The Duke of Norfolk, coming one day to dine with him, found him in Chelsea Church, singing in the choir, with his surplice on. 'What! what!' exclaimed the duke, 'what, what, my Lord Chancellor a parish clerk! you dishonor the king and his office.' And how exquisite his reply, 'Nay, you may not think your master and mine will be offended with me for serving God his master, or thereby count his office dishonored.' Another reply to the same abject noble, is well graven on our memory. He expostulated with him, like many of his other friends, for braving the king's displeasure. 'By the mass, Master More,' he said, 'it is perilous striving with princes; therefore, I wish you somewhat to incline to the king's pleasure, for "*indignatio Principis mors est.*"' 'And is that all, my lord?' replied this man, so much above all paltry considerations; 'then in good faith the difference between your grace and me is but this—that I may die to-day, and you to-morrow."

He took great delight in beautifying Chelsea Church, although he had a private chapel of his own; and when last there they told us the painted window had been his gift. It must have been a rare sight to see the chancellor of England sitting with the choir; and yet there was a fair share of pomp in the manner of his servitor bowing at his lady's pew, when the service of the mass was ended, and saying, 'My lord is gone *before*.' But the day after he resigned the great seal of England (of which his wife knew nothing,) Sir Thomas presented himself at the pew-door, and said, 'Madam, my lord is *gone*' The vain woman could not comprehend his meaning, which, when, during their short walk home, he fully explained, she was greatly pained thereby, lamenting it with exceeding bitterness of spirit.

We fancied we could trace a gothic door or window in the wall; but our great desire would have been to discover the water-gate from which he took his departure the morning he was summoned to Lambeth to take the oath of supremacy. True to what he believed right, he offered up his prayers and confessions in Chelsea Church, and then, returning to his own house, took an affectionate farewell of his wife and children, forbidding them to accompany him to the water-gate, as was their custom, fearing doubtless, that his mighty heart could not sustain a prolonged interview. Who could paint the silent parting between him and all he loved so well—the boat waiting at the foot of the stairs—the rowers in their rich liveries, while their hearts, heavy with apprehension for the fate of him they served, still trusted that nothing could be found to harm so good a master—the pale and earnest countenance of 'son Roper,' wondering at the calmness, at such a time, which more than all other things, bespeaks the master mind. For a moment his hand lingered on the gate, and in fastening the simple latch his fingers trembled, and then he took his seat by his son's side; and in another moment the boat was flying through the waters. For some time he spoke no word, but communed with and strengthened his great heart by holy thoughts' then looking straight into his son Roper's eyes, while his own brightened with a glorious triumph, he exclaimed in the fullness of his rich toned voice, 'I thank our Lord the field is won.' It was no wonder that, overwhelmed with apprehension, his son-in-law could not apprehend his meaning then, but afterward bethought him that he signified how he had conquered the world.

The abbot of Westminster took him that same day into custody, on his refusal to 'take the king as head of his Church;' and upon his repeating this refusal four days afterward, he was committed to the Tower. Then, indeed, these heretofore bowers of bliss echoed to the weak and wavering complaints of his proud wife, who disturbed him also in his prison by her desires, so vain and so worldly, when compared with the elevated feelings of his dear daughter Margaret.

How did the fond, foolish woman seek to shake his purpose! 'Seeing,' she said, 'you have a house at Chelsea, a right fair house, your library, your garden, your orchard, and all other necessaries so handsome about you, where you might in company with me, your wife, your children, and household, be merry, I marvel that you who have been always taken for so wise a man, can be content thus to be shut up among mice and rats, and, too, when you might be abroad at your liberty, and with the favor and good will both of the king and his council, if you would but do as all the bishops and best learned men of the realm have done.'

And then not even angered by her folly, seeing how little was given her to understand, he asked her if the house in Chelsea, was any nearer Heaven than the gloomy one he then occupied? ending his pleasant yet wise parleying with a simple question: 'Tell me,' he said, 'good Mistress Alice, how long do you think might we live and enjoy that same house?'

She answered, 'Some twenty years.'

'Truly,' he replied, 'if you had said some thousand years, it might have been somewhat; and yet he were a very bad merchant who would put himself in danger to lose eternity for a thousand years. How much the rather if we are not sure to enjoy it one day to an end?'

It is for the glory of woman that his daughter Margaret, while she loved and honored him past all telling, strengthened his noble nature: for, writing him during his fifteen months' imprisonment in the Tower, she asks, in words not to be forgotten 'What do you think, most dear father, doth comfort us at Chelsea, in this your absence? Surely, the remembrance of your manner of life passed among us—your holy conversation—your wholesome counsels—your examples of virtue, of which there is hope that they do not only persevere with you, but that they are, by God's grace, much more increased.'

After the endurance of fifteen months' imprisonment, he was arraigned, tried, and found guilty of denying the king's supremacy.

Alack! is there no painter of English history bold enough to immortalize himself by painting this trial? Sir Thomas More was beheaded on Tower Hill, in the bright sunshine of The month of July, on its fifth day, 1535, the king remitting the disgusting quartering of the quivering flesh, because of his 'high office.' When told of the king's 'mercy,' 'Now, God forbid,' he said, 'the king should use any more such to any of my friends? and God bless all my posterity from such pardons.'

One man of all the crowd who wept at his death, reproached him with a decision he had given in Chancery. More, nothing discomposed, replied, that if it were still to do, he would give the same decision.—This happened twelve months before. And, while the last scene was enacting on Tower Hill, the king, who had walked in this very garden with his arm round the neck, which, by his command, the axe had severed, was playing at Tables in Whitehall, Queen Anne Bullen looking on; and when told that Sir Thomas More was dead, casting his eyes upon the pretty fool that had glittered in his pageants, he said, 'Thou art the cause of this man's death.' The COWARD! to seek to turn upon a thing so weak as that, the heavy sin which clung to his own soul!

Some say the body lies in the Chelsea Church, beneath the tomb we have sketched—the epitaph having been written by himself before he anticipated the manner of his death. It is too long to insert; but the lines at the conclusion are very like the man. The epitaph and poetry are in Latin: we give the translation:

"For Alice and for Thomas More's remains
Prepared, this tomb Johanna's form contains
One, married young; with mutual ardor blest,
A boy and three fair girls our joy confest.

The other (no small praise) of these appear'd
As fond as if by her own pangs endeared.
One lived with me, one lives in such sweet strife,
Slight preference could I give to either wife.

Oh! had it met Heaven's sanction and decree,
One hallowed bond might have united three;
Yet still be ours one grave, one lot on high!
Thus death, what life denied us, shall supply."

Others tell that his remains were interred in the Tower, and some record that the head was sought and preserved by that same daughter Margaret, who caused it to be buried in the family vault of the Ropers in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury; and they add a pretty legend how that when his head was upon London Bridge, Margaret would be rowed beneath it, and, nothing horrified at the sight, say aloud 'That head has layde many a time in my lappe; would to God, would to God, it would fall into my lappe as I pass under now,' and the head did so fall, and she carried it in her 'lappe' until she placed it in her husband's, 'son Roper's vault, at Canterbury.

The king took possession of these fair grounds at Chelsea, and all the chancellor's other property, namely, Dunkington, Trenkford, and Benley Park, in Oxfordshire, allowing the widow he had made, twenty pounds per year for her life, and indulging his petty tyranny still more, by imprisoning Sir Thomas's daughter, Margaret, 'both because she kept her father's head for a relic, and that she meant to set her father's works in print.'

We were calling to mind more minute particulars of the charities and good deeds of this great man, when, standing at the moment opposite a grave where some loving hand had planted two standard rose-trees, we suddenly heard a chant of children's voices, the infant scholars singing their little hymn; the tune, too, was well-known and popular melody, and very sweet, yet sad of sound; it was just such music, as for its simplicity, would have been welcome to the mighty dead; and as we entered among the little songsters, the past faded away, and we found ourselves speculating oh the hopeful present.

We close Mrs. Hall's pleasant sketches of Sir Thomas More and his localities, with a brief description of a scene in his prison, which the pencil of Mr. Herbert, of the Royal Academy, has depicted. It must be remembered that More was a zealous Roman Catholic. He was committed to the Tower in 1534, by the licentious Henry VIII., partly to punish him for refusing to assist that monarch in his marriage with Anne Boleyn, 'the pretty fool,' as Mrs. Hall calls her; but particularly because he declined to acknowledge the king's ecclesiastical supremacy as head of the Reformed Church. There he remained until his execution the following year. 'During his imprisonment,' says his son-in-law and biographer, Roper, who married his favorite daughter Margaret, 'one day looking from his window, he saw four monks, (who also had refused the oath of supremacy) going to their execution, and regretting that he could not bear them company, said; "look, Megge, dost thou not see that these blessed fathers be now going as cheerful to their death, as bridegrooms to their marriage? By which thou may'st see, my own good daughter, what a great difference there is between such as have spent all their days in a religious, hard and penitential life, and such as have (as thy poore father hath done) consumed all their time in pleasure and ease;' and so he proceeded to enlarge on their merits and martyrdom. His grandson, Cresacre More, referring to this scene, says, 'By which most humble and heavenly meditation, we may easily guess what a spirit of charity he had gotten by often meditation, that every sight brought him new matter to practice most heroical resolutions.'

THE BIBLE AND THE POETS.

SCHLEGEL, speaking of the poetic portions of the Bible, says without reserve, "These writings form a fiery and Godlike fountain of inspiration, of which the greatest of modern poets have never been weary of drinking; which has suggested to them their noblest images, and animated them for their sublimest flights." I wish to show you some of these remarkable coincidences; and to prove that many of our most admired figures and expressions are either derived from the Scriptures, or may at least be found there; if not in their extended and complete development, unquestionably in their germ, their principle, and their outline. Frequently, too, this may be said, with equal truth, of incidents and characters. This similiarity between Ahab and Macbeth, between Jezebel and Lady Macbeth; and a parallel resemblance in their style of action, has always struck me exceedingly. The portrait of Macbeth, when matured in villany,

"Bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name."

precisely describes Ahab; every epithet might be proved by an action. Nevertheless, the excess of wickedness is in both instances to be charged on the influence of their respective wives; who, bolder in mind, and blacker in heart than themselves, became their teachers and tempters in sin. The resemblance between the latter is more perfect. Both were filled "from the crown to the toe, top full of direst cruelty," mingled with a spirit of "pure demoniac firmness," which knew not, or if it knew, heeded not, the relentings of nature. Their minds were compact and integral; they contained no opposing principle which might impede their progress in evil or embitter success; so that murder itself, when apparently a necessary step to the attainment of an object, was consonant with, not contrary to their nature. It was not so with their lords, who, in comparison with each "fiend-like queen," were

"Full o' the milk of human kindness."

Ahab evidenced this after his victory over the Syrians. Benhadad, to whom he had formerly been a vassal, then sent ambassadors to him girded with sack-cloth, and with ropes on their heads, to petition for his life, and Ahab said, "Is he yet alive? he is my brother;" and "he made a covenant with him, and sent him away."

Again: It was by yielding to the delusions of the "weird sisters," that Macbeth laid the foundation of his after crimes and sorrows; their spells and promises clouded his mind, like emanations from the pit of darkness, which needed but the influence of his wife to quicken into substantial evil. So it was with Ahab: he too, sought to wizards, and them that had evil spirits: "and did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord, whom Jezebel his wife stirred up." In the grand crime of each, the murder of Naboth and of Duncan, the parallel is minute and unbroken. Macbeth, who was only a Thane, coveted "the golden round of sovereignty." Ahab, who, already a king, had no need to desire a crown, was disquieted for a neighbors vineyard; a proof, by the way, how little it is the intrinsic worth of an object which regulates the desires of an unsanctified heart. Both would wrongly win," yet in the first instance would "not play false;" one took his disappointment in sullen silence, the other was almost persuaded to rest satisfied as Glamis and Cawdor. Then appear the master spirits. Lady Macbeth thus taunts her hesitating Thane, and with the hardihood of guilt without fear, developes the purpose which he has desired without conceiving.

"Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valor,
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem!
Letting I dare not, wait upon I would?

Macbeth. If we should fail——

Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his days hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What, cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? What not put upon
His spungy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?"

Precisely in this spirit does Jezebel address Ahab:—"Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel? Arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry. I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite. So she wrote letters in Ahab's name, and sealed them with his seal, and sent the letters unto the elders, and to the noblest that were in his city, dwelling with Naboth; and she wrote in the letters saying, Proclaim a fast, and set Naboth on high among the people, and set two men, sons of Belial, before him, and bear witness against him, saying, "Thou didst blaspheme God, and the king: and then carry him out and stone him, that he may die." The two monarchs resemble each other in their closing scenes. As dangers increase, and the hope of repulsing his enemies diminishes, Macbeth clings with desperate faith to the words of those who "paltered with him in a double sense"—and Ahab, seduced by false prophets, goes up against Ramoth-Gilead, where destruction awaits him. The frenzy with which the former receives the messengers who bring tidings of the enemy's approach, corresponds with the hatred the latter expresses for Micaiah, the true prophet, "who did not prophecy good concerning him, but evil." Ahab and Macbeth resemble each other also in the brave spirit which flashes forth just before the end of life; a last ray of kingliness in one, and a burst of old knightly feeling in the other.

Macb. I'll not yield
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet
And to be baited by the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last.

"And Ahab said to his chariot-man, Turn thine hand, that thou mayest carry me out of the host, for I am wounded. And the battle increased that day, howbeit the king of Israel stayed himself up in his chariot against the Syrians till the evening; and about the time of the sun-setting, he died." Their queens also die in a resembling spirit; one having "painted her face and tired her head," is killed with scoffing on her lips; the other expires without one "compunctious visiting," which might prove that remembrance at last awoke remorse.

Lord Byron's descriptive apostrophe to Rome, as "the Niobe of nations"—"childless and crownless in her voiceless woe," "a marble wilderness" and "lone mother of dead empires!" this is, in its primary idea of a decayed kingdom personified as "a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit," but an eloquent paraphrase of the opening of Lamentations: "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among nations, and princes among provinces, how is she become tributary! she weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks: among all her lovers, she hath none to comfort her; all her friends have dealt treacherously with her: they are become her enemies."

Again. I know you greatly admire the same poet's "Ode to Napoleon." Do so; but admire also Isaiah's Ode on the fall of Sennacherib, the Napoleon of Babylon; and observe, too, that independent of a general resemblance throughout in point of structure, Lord Byron's first and finest stanza is altogether derived from the prophet.

"'Tis past—but yesterday a king,
And armed with kings to strive,
And now, thou art a nameless thing;
So abject, yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the morning star,
Nor man, nor fiend, hath fallen so far."

"He who smote the people in wrath with a continual stroke is persecuted, and none hindereth. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning: how art thou cut down to the ground, which did weaken nations! They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble; that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness?"

The chariot of Carmala, in Southey's "Kehama," will remind you of Ezekiel's sublime vision of the wheels and cherubims; and the "winged hands, armless and bodiless," which bear the magic globe into the cave of Lorinite, will also remind you of the hand which brought the roll of a book to the prophet and of the hands which he discerned beneath the wings of the cherubims.

The mantles—

"White
As the swan's breast, and bright as mountain snow,"

in which Kailyal and Ladurdad are arrayed, as alone enabling them to pass the fiery flood which interposes between them and the throne of Yamen, will suggest to you the scripture metaphors of "the wedding garment," and the "fine linen, clean and white, which is the righteousness of the saints."—In one of the passages of this fervent and golden-hearted historian, as well as poet, the crowning charm lies in a descriptive phrase which frequently occurs in the Bible. "As the soldiers were carrying him (Sir John Moore) slowly along, he made them frequently turn round, that he might see the field of battle, and listen to the firing, and he was pleased when the sound grew fainter. A spring wagon came up, bearing Col. Wynch, who was wounded: the Colonel asked who was in the blanket, and being told it was Sir John Moore, wished him to be placed in the wagon Sir John asked one of the Highlanders whether he thought the wagon or the blanket was the best, and the man said, the blanket would not shake him so much, as he and the other soldiers would keep the step, and carry him easy. So they proceeded with him to his quarters at Corunna, *weeping as they went.*"

Campbell's expression—

"Her march is on the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep."

will remind you of the Psalmist's—"Thy path is in the sea, and thy footsteps in the great deep." When a poet said that the Apollo Belvidere appears to have shot the arrow "less by an effort than a command," he expressed a noble idea, worthy the deity in stone. But when Habakkuk says of the Holy One, "He stood—and measured the earth; he beheld—and drove asunder the nations," the sublime conception of power exercised by the mere volition of will, is carried to a height worthy the true living God—the God of heaven!—Young well expresses the same style of sentiment:

"Whose word was Nature's birth,
The shadow of whose hand is Nature's shield,
Her dissolution, her suspended smile."

But the grand treasure house for thoughts of this order, is the Old Testament: "Thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good; thou hidest thy face, they are troubled; thou takest away their breath, they die and return to their dust; thou sendest forth thy Spirit, they are created; and thou renewest the face of the earth. The glory of the Lord shall endure forever; the Lord shall rejoice in his works. He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke."

Washington Irving says of the oak, that it "assimilates in the grandeur of its attributes to heroic and intellectual man: and is an emblem of what a nobleman should be—a refuge for the weak, a shelter for the oppressed, and a defence for the defenceless; warding off from them the peltings of the storm, or the scorching rays of arbitrary power." A fine similitude, but not, surely, finer than the prophet's: "The tree that thou sawest, which grew and was strong; whose height reached unto heaven, and the sight thereof to all the earth; whose leaves were fair and the fruit thereof much, and in it was meat for all; under which the beasts of the field dwelt, and upon whose branches the fowls of the heaven had their habitation. It is thou, O King, that are grown and become strong."—*Miss Jewsbury.*

[*From 'Sketches and Souvenirs.' Translated for the Christian Register.*]

Last year, about the end of October, as I was returning on foot from Orleans to the chateau of Bardy, I beheld, on the high road, a regiment of Swiss guards. I hasten forward to hear the military music, of which I am extremely fond; but before I had overtaken the regiment the band had ceased playing, and the drum alone continued to mark the measured footsteps of the soldiers.

After marching for about half an hour, the regiment entered a small plain, surrounded by a wood of fir trees. I asked one of the captains if the regiment was going to perform evolutions.

'No, sir,' he replied, 'we are going to try, and probably to shoot, a soldier belonging to my company, for having robbed a citizen upon whom he was billeted.'

'What!' exclaimed I, 'is he to be tried, condemned, and executed, all in an instant?'

'Yes,' the captain replied, 'such are the terms of our capitulations.'

This, to him, was an unanswerable reason; as if all things had been considered in the capitulations; the fault, and its penalty—justice, and even humanity.

'If you have any curiosity to witness the proceedings,' said the captain politely, 'I shall be happy to get you a place. They will soon be over.

I never avoid such scenes, for I imagine that I learn, from the countenance of a dying man, what death is. I therefore followed the captain.

The regiment formed into a square. Behind the second rank, and on the borders of a wood, some of the soldiers began to dig a grave, under the command of a subaltern; for regimental duty is always performed with regularity, and a certain discipline observed even in the digging of a grave.

In the centre of the square, eight officers were seated on drums; upon their right, and a little more in front, a ninth was writing on his knees, but with apparent negligence, and simply to prevent a man being put to death without some legal form.

The accused was called forward. He was a fine, well-grown young fellow, with mild, yet noble features. By his side stood a woman, who was the only witness against him. The moment the colonel began to examine the woman, the prisoner interrupted him.

'It is useless, colonel,' he said, 'I will confess every thing; I stole this woman's handkerchief.'

Colonel: 'You, Pierre! why you passed for an honorable man, and a good soldier.'

'It is true, colonel, I have always endeavoured to satisfy my officers. I did not steal for myself; it was far Marie.'

'And who is Marie?' asked the Colonel.

'Why, Marie, who lives there, in our own country, near Arensberg, where the great apple tree is; I shall then see her no more.'

'I do not understand you, Pierre,' said the Colonel, 'explain yourself.'

'Well, Colonel, read this letter.' And he handed to the Colonel a letter, every word of which is engraven on my memory.

"My dear Pierre, I seize the opportunity to send you this letter, by Arnold, a recruit, who has enlisted in your regiment. I also send a silk purse which I have made for you. I did not let my father see that I was making it, for he always scolds at my loving you so much, and says you will never return. But you surely will come back, wont you? But whether you come back, or not, I shall always love you. I first consented to become yours, on the day you picked up my blue handkerchief at the Arensberg dance, and brought it to me. When shall I see you again? What pleases me is the information I have received that the officers esteem you, and your comrades love you. But you have still two years to serve. Get through them as fast as you can, and then we will be married. 'Adieu, my dear Pierre, always yours, MARIE.

"P. S. Try to send me something from France, nor for fear that I should forget you, but that I may always look at it."

When the Colonel had finished reading the letter, Pierre resumed:

'Arnold delivered me this letter last night.—When I received my billet I could not sleep all night for thinking of Marie. In her letter she asks me for something from France. I had no money, I have mortgaged my pay for three months, in order to help my brother and cousin, who set out on their return home a few days since. This morning on rising, I opened my window. A blue handkerchief was drying on a line, and it resembled the one belonging to Marie, The color and blue stripes were actually the same. I was base enough to take it, and to put it into my knapsack. I went out into the street; my conscience smote me, and I was returning to the house to restore it to the owner, when the woman come up to me with the guard, and the handkerchief was found in my possession. This is the whole truth. The capitulations require that I should be shot; let me be shot instantly but; do not despise me.'

The judges were unable to conceal their emotion; nevertheless they unanimously condemned him to death. He heard the sentence calmly; then advancing to his captain, requested four francs. The captain gave him the money. He then approached the old woman, and said to her, 'Madame, here are four francs; I know not if your handkerchief is worth more, but if it is, it costs me dear enough, and you must excuse me from paying the difference.' 'Captain,' he added, 'send this to Marie, but let her not know the price I have paid for it.' He then walked with a firm step to the place of execution. L. G. P.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

WITHIN the last few days the Queen has very graciously offered to confer upon Lady Peel (whose grief for her great loss must find *some* solace in a nation's mourning, and in the seldom-rendered tribute of a nation's tears) the title of a peeress of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, to be by her transmitted to the progeny of the late lamented Sir Robert Peel and their heirs for ever! The proffered honor has been as graciously declined. During Sir Robert's life, the Queen, anxious, as she ever is, to confer honors upon those whose great talents and the love of a people have made their names "familiar in their mouths as household words," wished to confer that dignity upon Lady Peel which her noble-minded husband had himself declined.—*Weekly Times.*

——A PUZZLING "CHORUS."—A writer in *Notes and Queries* gives the following chorus to the old song, "A frog he would a-wooing go"—which he heard sung when a boy:—

"A frog he would a-wooing ride,
With a rigdum bullydimy kymy;
With sword and buckler by his side,
With a rigdum bullydimy kymy,
Kymyary kelta cary kymyary kymy,
Strimstram pardiddle larrabona ringting,
Rigdum bullydimy kymy."

——LORD BROUGHAM AND RELIGIOUS DEPUTATIONS.—The *Scotsman* tells a droll anecdote of Lord Brougham in connection with his lordship's reception of religious deputations. His lordship, on coming out of the Court of Chancery, to meet the deputation, immediately on being informed of their object, burst out in a volley of exclamations to the effect that, but for dissent, there would be "no vital religion—no vital religion, gentlemen, no vital religion." While pouring forth this in a most solemn tone, he was all the while shaking violently the locked doors of a lobby full of committee-rooms, into one of which he wished to find entrance, and calling for an absent official not only in passionate tones, but in phraseology which the reverend deputation, at first unwilling to trust their own ears, were at last forced to believe was nothing better than profane swearing. At last he suddenly drew himself up to the wall opposite a locked door, and with a tremendous kick smashed the lock, and entered, exclaiming (first in a vehement and then a solemn tone, but without pause), "——that fellow! where the —— does he always go to? No vital religion, gentlemen, no vital religion—no, no, no."

——THE SABBATH QUESTION.—The following passage (says the *London Inquirer*), from a work published some time since ("Horæ et Vindiciæ Sabb